

IN MEMORIAM



ELIZA PLATT STODDARD.



















MAER PHOTOGRAPHY

*Eliza Platt Stoddard.*







# IN MEMORIAM

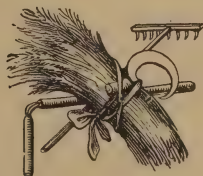
## ELIZA PLATT STODDARD,

DAUGHTER OF PROF. JOHN F. AND ELIZA A. STODDARD,

SENT TO THE HOME OF EARTH JULY 21<sup>ST</sup>, 1869; CALLED  
TO THE HOME IN HEAVEN MAY 19<sup>TH</sup>, 1886.

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*“The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed  
be the name of the Lord.”*



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1886.









LINNET'S BIRTHPLACE,  
SPRING HILL, KEARNY, N. J.





TO

# The Young Girls' Mission Band,

IN THE HOPE THAT, AS THE MEMORY OF ONE WHO LOVED  
THEM SHALL INSPIRE TO NEW SERVICE FOR CHRIST,  
SHE MAY LIVE IN THEIR LIVES, AND WORK  
THROUGH THEIR EFFORTS, THAT WHEN  
THEY MEET IN HEAVEN THE  
SOWER AND REAPER MAY  
REJOICE TOGETHER.

WITH THE LOVE OF "LINNET'S" MOTHER.

SUCCASUNNA, N. J., JULY 21, 1886.







## IN MEMORIAM.

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One Summer morn, from realms of love,  
A little pilgrim came;  
Our Father sent her from above,  
To share our home, and name.

To walk beside us day by day,  
And rest with us at night;  
Of every thorny, shadowed way,  
The comfort and delight.

Her little hand was laid in ours,  
To strengthen, guide, and cheer  
In many weary, lonely hours,  
When no one else was near.

Her voice awoke the echoing tone  
Of joy, in every place,  
A brightness in her presence shone,  
A gladness in her face,



That made it seem a pleasant thing  
To journey here below ;  
To open up some living spring  
For others as we go.

The growing thought, and tenderness,  
The love—intense and true ;  
Each year, more full of preciousness,  
Of promise, ever new,

For almost seventeen years was given.  
And then a Voice was heard,—  
A message to our child from heaven.  
As, at the sudden word,

The pace was quickened, and she passed  
Away from mortal sight ;  
A shadow on the earth was cast,  
That changed our day to night.

But as she reached the entrance gate,  
And heard the welcome home  
Of her dear Lord, and those who wait  
For each of us to come,

The pearls of heaven were opened wide,  
And light shone on our way,  
Amid the deepest gloom to guide,  
Until the dawn of day.

This darkened earth can be made bright  
From Heaven's unfolding portal ;  
And we can walk in the same light  
As those in life immortal.

One ray, to mark our steps toward home,  
From its own doorway gleaming,  
For those who have already come  
The noonday glory's beaming.

Our Linnet is among that band,  
Beloved, protected, guided;  
Expecting us in that blest land,  
With those to us confided.

A new step on the street of gold,  
A new voice in the Psalm;  
A new name on the book enrolled,  
A newly gathered Palm.

It is our Linnet's hand that brings  
This offering of Palm;  
It is our Linnet's voice that sings  
In that celestial Psalm.

Our Linnet walking with her Lord  
Upon the pavement golden;  
And listening to His blessed word,  
From His own lips outspoken.

The robe of white, the harp, the crown,  
The mansion, He is giving;  
To be eternally her own;  
How truly SHE IS LIVING.

And we are going to the child;  
Each camping ground is nearer;  
The journey through the rugged wild  
Makes rest and welcome dearer.

Before the throne the sainted wait;  
Within the temple stand;  
No service is too small, or great,  
If it is God's command.

And can we share the blest employ  
Of those with God above?  
To minister,—their highest joy,  
And ours to serve,—in love.

There is a work for us,—in time,  
So noble, and so true;  
It lifts us to the heights sublime,  
To touch the work they do.

In consecrated service *one*,  
In spirit parted—never;  
And when *to us* is said “well done,”  
One in His presence—ever.

One thought—to do the Master's will  
Inspires each fond endeavor;  
His gracious purpose to fulfil,  
In this world, or the other.

This golden link unites the seen  
And the unseen together;  
Until we lift the veil between  
And share one home forever.









*Linnat*

*at Seven years.*



## OBITUARY.

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On the 21st of July, 1869, the Heavenly Father sent an angel to the household at Spring Hill. We named her ELIZA PLATT, for her sainted grandmother; but, when she was a month old, she smiled as her cousin called her a little bird, a little Linnet, and thus she received her pet name. A year of health was followed by three months of illness; medical skill watched but could not stay the march of disease, when the Great Physician sent a dear friend with beef-tea and wise counsel, and the child was given back to brighten another year. Then, in mid-winter, she wilted like a flower touched with the frost. Our hope was alone in God; a request was sent to the ladies' prayer meeting that, if the training of earth could be used for God's glory, she might be entrusted to us. Her pastor prayed, since Jesus loved and loves little children, He would listen and help. Prayer was answered. The child's life was spared; the one light in her father's sick-room, the one comfort of its weary hours.

One day as the two year old darling was looking over some pictures in a Sunday School paper she saw a little girl at the piano, and said "*No mamma!*" She thought the little girl would be lonely not to have mamma to say "sweet child," so she could say "sweet mamma." Then coming to her mamma, with both hands around her neck, she said "I love you, mamma." At set times the dolls must have their supper, each being fed with a spoon; the one lacking a head receiving her portion in her hand. One day, coming to mamma's room, she could not lift the latch, so she called "dear mamma, please open the door," teaching a lesson in that childish, trusting plea that can never be forgotten. In November, 1871, she learned the little verse "Suffer little children to come unto me," and became accustomed to sit still at prayer. One day crackers had been added to the oyster soup, and papa could not take any. Linnet noticed that for this reason Margaret was in disfavor, and true to her desire to make every one at ease, she tasted hers and said, "Marne's soup, good soup;" then looking from one to the other for a response went on praising the soup until each unpleasant thought was forgotten. Hearing mamma say to Margaret one evening, I do not wish any tea; "Mamma feel bad, no want tea, better come and take a little." One morning, while breakfasting in the kitchen, her chair was placed opposite the cross-bar of the long table, suddenly she said to Margaret "One of Linnett's feet in other room;" one foot had wandered past the cross-piece under the table. At grandpa's she



used to walk around the dining room table and say, "Please, grandpa, come home," until she heard his cane on the walk, then run to greet him with smiles that brightened his face, however weary with care. One day, in New York, candy was bought and given in her hand, but she did not offer to untie the string, saying "Candy, grandpa, supper, plate, ask Linnett have some." These little incidents of these very early years are noted for the faithful helpers in that home.

One morning, of her third year, she covered up mamma's nose with a blanket, and said "Blackbird nip off your nose—better keep covered." At dinner, papa was helping her to a small piece of custard pie, when his hand turned and the pie with it, Linnet looked up with an arch smile and said, "Simple Simon—papa not put pie on plate right." December 22nd, she commenced to sew, wanting to help on the Christmas gifts which her little hands were to distribute. When recovering from her severe illness she said one morning to Lizzie, "Good morning; do you feel pretty well? Linnet has been very sick. Is Pay. better?" then, when dressed, took her little duster from the rack, dusted her chair, and sat down. Afternoon she warmed papa's boots and took them to him, although she was very weak; soon after, said "See me hop!" It was a poor attempt at her former exercise, but it was a great deal to those who had watched during three weeks of suspense. Then we all knelt down to thank God for His mercy; leaning her head on her little chair she was quiet as if following every word; and when able to go down

stairs once more, as she bowed with mamma, she put her doll in a kneeling posture before her chair and said, "She is praying for Linnet." When mamma went to the city she commissioned her thus: "Bring my baby a grandpapa;" mamma did the best she could. Papa said, I think that doll belongs to the royal family; "No," she replied, "it belongs to me." She had been asking for a picture; mamma said, Wait. She went to papa and said, "Linnet's so patient." One day mamma said, What makes you so sweet? The answer of word and tone, was "Love." It was now time to learn to make mud pies; she said "I am making rice pudding out of dirt." In June, mamma was very sick; Linnet said "I will mind you, poor, sick mamma, I am afraid I will have to take you to heaven, if you die." One day it rained heavily; one little finger pointed to the clouds, while both eyes peered into the gloom, as if to learn the secret, and she said "There is a hole up there, and so it comes down." Speaking of the garden, mamma said, God made the grass and the trees; "and Payton made the little trees" Linnet quickly added, having seen him plant them. The lesson of the evening was, that Payton planted and nourished what God had made. One day she broke a goblet, while in the act of throwing the water out of it; she came in and said "I was so worried, I broke the glass." Speaking of her babyhood, she said "I was just commencing to talk, and I was bashful."

Her observation and discrimination were a great comfort to her mathematical papa. Hearing mamma say that the water ran slowly, she filled her little pitcher

and put it on the marble stand for an emergency. Before she was quite three years old her papa allowed her to hold the lines when the road was smooth, and she would say "When I see folks coming I will let you drive." One day while driving she said, "If Fannie was a little girl, and I was Fannie, she would harness me and drive me to Newark." One day we saw her in her stocking feet, with her shoes in her hand, going toward the door where stood a little barefooted girl of about her own age, she said "I can wear my old shoes, the little girl has to walk all the time; she can have the new ones." When about three years old she was showing her pictures to Christopher, as he was washing the parlor windows; he said, That's you; "No," she replied, "its my picture; this is me," pointing to her breast. She said to her papa, "Where was I before I came to you, three years ago?" and at another time she asked "Is grandpa's God the same as our God?" At dinner, she had bread and jelly; she said "I don't know how to make jelly, but I know how to eat it;" and, after some moments of quiet, said "When I am married I will have a jar of jelly to myself." About this time she made her first visit to the Sunday School, and seemed much interested in hearing mamma tell of the infant Jesus, she said "Wish Linnet could see Him." One evening at the table she broke a saucer; papa's face was rather stern but she looked up with a sweet smile and said, "The dish ran away with the spoon." When papa told her not to do certain things, she said "You know, papa, children will do such things sometimes." Often she would

say "I want to be good—say sweet child;" and again, "Ask God to bless Linnet; ask God to make me good."

Frolicsome, and winsome, she was the little help in every department of the home. With tiny sponge and soap, or pan and brush, in house-cleaning time; with pencil and paper, when letters were being written; taking things from the table, one by one, after meals; coming with pads of warm flannel, when any one was sick. On Sabbath she was fond of teaching Christopher out of her papa's large illustrated Bible. If mamma was at church she would watch for her return, run down the walk, clapping her hands and laughing all over her face, to bring her into the house to some pleasant surprise there. If anything troubled mamma, she would say "You are a precious mamma;" and if away from her, would be "homesick, distressed to see mamma." If mamma was ill the child would ask, "What are you suffering from?" and attempt some relief; if she was sick herself, she would say "Dear mamma," in pitying tones, thinking of mamma's pain more than of her own. One day mamma was pacing the floor, grieving for *her* mother; Linnet sat up in bed watching her opportunity, and as mamma came near said, "Will you lie down with me?" then putting her arms around mamma's neck, and drawing her close, she said "I love you, dear, sweet mamma." Thus was the child a comforter from her earliest years.

The first time she looked upon death she said of the neighbor, "He is asleep." Her nurse had lost both parents; in talking with her, Linnet would say



“The Lord knew it was best that your father should go to heaven.” And when, August 3rd, 1873, her father was called away, her tender thoughtfulness was beyond her years. On returning from a little visit to grandfather, she said to mamma “I hear from Aunt Mary that papa is dead ;” we replied “He has gone to heaven ;” tears trembled in her eyes, but she took a seat between grandpa and mamma, and was as quiet as if every word of the service was understood ; afterwards she brushed flies from the little veil that covered his face ; she thought he looked very sweet lying among the flowers, but she was very sorry he was dead ; she then interested the family by her quaint sayings ; her very presence bringing sunshine into the deep shadows. When we returned from Greenwood and turned from the earthly resting place to the heavenly, as we gathered in our lonely home around the open Bible to catch a glimpse of the better home, the child seemed to obtain a view of heaven which she never lost. Thus day by day she helped in her own sweet way, kneeling down when mamma knelt, kissing away the tears, saying bright, pleasant things, and answering every question with, “Papa is in heaven.”

Thus the child’s life became one with the mother’s. Four years passed away in this quiet companionship. From a record we copy a few incidents ; one tells of a custard made by her little hands, and carried with fruit and flowers to a poor sick man ; another, a dinner cooked in her own little stove and distributed to the family. All sorts of fun mingled in the home-life—riding on the large dog, as held by the nurse ;

frolics with the pussy, who sometimes, when she was alone was allowed to sit in her high chair and lap a saucer of milk from the table; at such times pussy had to be quiet while Linnet asked a blessing. At one time, some one pretended to whip her nurse; she hurried to them saying, "I would rather be whipped than have Fannie whipped." After thinking quietly, one day, she said "When any one is dead you can lay your hand on them but they do not feel it; if any one is alive they can feel the least touch," laying her hand on mamma's, in illustration. Seeing a pair of pink shoes that she admired, she first thought she would like them, but memories came back, and she quickly said "Little girls who have lost their papas do not wear pink shoes." One day, speaking of her little limbs, she said "Papa used to talk about them; how would it do to have one cut off, then papa could have it." She was unwilling to take a spoon that he had not allowed her to use, and in many ways deferred to his wishes. One day, when mamma was not strong, Linnet was a little naughty, but hearing her say, "It is hard to be sick and have a disobedient child;" she came quickly and said "I will go, and do as you say; you shall not have a disobedient child any more." She was always very interesting in her penitence. One day, when she had cut her finger with a bottle, she said to mamma, "Do you think you would bear this trial patiently if you were a little girl." She wanted a piece of sugar to sweeten her mouth. At one time she said "Mamma, I wish that I was stuck to you with mucilage, then you would not go

anywhere without me, but" she added, "you could not go out rainy days, and I could not go out to play when you are tired, then I could not sit down unless I was only half stuck;" thus she studied to herself the inconveniences that would attend the gratification of her wish.

One day, when she was five years old, she said "Do I ever speak to you when you are praying?" mamma said No; "Then you will not speak to me; I was praying God to make me never tell anything that isn't so, or disobey my mamma." One evening when mamma was going to church she said, "If I had a papa I would not say anything, but as I have only you, and you have only me, I cannot bear to have you leave me at all." One day she was down stairs and she called up the register, "Mamma! Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners." This was her verse, and it sounded very sweetly thus repeated. One evening, at prayers, Linnet was anxious to understand how God, being a spirit, could see and feel and know all things, and she said "I wish He would just put His head out of heaven so that I could see Him; if he would only come down upon earth as Jesus Christ did once, and let us take hold of His hand and look into His face!" She was anxious to know how Christ could die for *us* so many years ago, and when told that he died for all who believe and love, in all ages, she asked "And for no one else?" We tried to explain that only those who accept can receive the blessing provided for all. One rainy day, when we were regretting that we could not send some milk to a sick friend, Linnet dressed her-

self in her bonnet, cloak, veil, cloud, and mittens, and umbrella in hand, came to do the errand which would have given her a long mile in the mud. One day, in Newark, mamma gave her some spending money; she started to buy peanuts, but seeing a poor child, she came back and said, "I will give the money to the poor children, and what I have at home; and I wish I had saved the money I spent before;" this was all, without any suggestion from any one. One day mamma said, half aloud, Well, life is but a summer's dream; Linnet quietly said "That isn't right—Life is but an empty dream;" on inquiry, we found she had heard some one read Longfellow's poem.

December 5th, 1874, some one said to Linnet, I wish it was not Sunday; she replied, "I would wish it was Sunday every day, if it would please Jesus better." On receiving a doll for Christmas, she said "I think a great deal of my doll, but not so much as if my papa had seen it." When mamma found her lost breastpin, she said "I should have felt as sorry to have you lose it as to lose my new doll." On New Year's day, 1875, mamma, in talking to her, as she was preparing her for the night, said, You know you are mamma's comfort now, and her great wish is to have you a good girl and love Jesus; "That is the very one I do love," she replied quickly. How long have you loved Him? "Ever since I lived." Lived where? "Anywhere." Why do you love Him? "Because He is my Saviour." Any other reason? "Because He helps me to be good." Any other? "Because He *is my* Saviour." One evening she placed her hand on mamma's fore-



head and said gently, "Excuse me, but what was the word the man used to-day?" we discovered that converted was the word, and she said, "I want to use it in prayer." What are you praying for? "To help the man." How? "To help them, that they may do good." An evangelist was assisting her pastor, Dr. Fish, in the meetings, and she thus expressed her interest in their work. This was the fun-loving, merry-hearted, active child in her sober moments. The Scripture cards that had Jesus on them were her choice always; and her chosen Bible reading, Christ on the Cross.

One morning, we were talking of grandmother. Mamma said, You did not see her on earth, but I hope you will meet her in heaven. The child startled by the quick reply, "I do not expect to go to heaven." Why not? "I am not good enough." Then we will ask God to make you good. After a little season of prayer, the day's duties claimed time and thought. In the afternoon, mamma said, How do you feel now, about going to heaven? "Different from what I did in the morning." What has made you feel so? "Prayer I suppose." Then, as she was combing mamma's hair, she laid aside a strand that she had carefully brushed, and said "This is the way that Jesus smooths our hearts; he takes out all that is wrong; God will take all the sins from our hearts as I take the snarls from the hair," are her own, sweet words. When mamma said, You use a comb to smooth the hair, what does God use to smooth the heart? She replied, very thoughtfully, "I suppose His Hand and His Word." Another day she asked "Why

Jesus cried out, on the Cross, when He was willing to die?" mamma tried to explain, that if she gladly took suffering for her child she might still groan with the pain; then she wanted to know if people lived while Christ was dying, and if so, how He kept them alive when He died." Mamma said, God kept them. "Yes, but there is only *one* God, Jesus is God." Mamma tried to tell her that it was the *man* nature that died, not the *God* nature. "Of course," she said, "no one could see the spirit, only the Lord."

As we visited a poor family she became much interested, and on the return home selected a number of her things to give each of the children, then asked to have lace stockings cut out, and with patient fingers worked the edges of them with bright wools, and filling them with candy, put them in the basket with a few toys; one of the little boys was sick and he had been praying for warm flannels, so, when they came, he said the little girl came to answer his prayer and saved his life.

The Summer of 1879 was spent with Grandfather Stoddard, at Mountindale, New York. On the 28th of November, at her Grandfather Platt's, in New York City, Linnet took her new papa's hand as he gave the other to mamma, and the three became one; the love and confidence of the child of eight years increased with the eight years of her stay with him at the parsonage. On the 29th of December we came to Succasunna; Linnet was just recovering from pneumonia, and spent the Winter months at home with her books and toys, and young friends; in the Spring



## POEM.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Amidst thy sacred effigies  
Of old renown give place,  
O city, Freedom-loved ! to his  
Whose hand unchained a race.

Take the worn frame, that rested not  
Save in a martyr's grave —  
The care-lined face, that none forgot,  
Bent to the kneeling slave.

Let man be free ! The mighty word  
He spake was not his own ;  
An impulse from the Highest stirred  
These chiselled lips of stone.

The cloudy sign, the fiery guide,  
Along his pathway ran,  
And Nature, through his voice, denied  
The ownership of man.

We rest in peace where these sad eyes  
Saw peril, strife, and pain ;  
His was the nation's sacrifice,  
And ours the priceless gain.

O symbol of God's will on earth  
As it is done above !  
Bear witness to the cost and worth  
Of justice and of love.

Stand in thy place and testify  
To coming ages long,  
That truth is stronger than a lie,  
And righteousness than wrong.



This was written for the occasion by Mr. Whittier, and was read by Master Andrew Chamberlain, a graduate of the Boston Latin School.

Alderman Charles H. B. Breck, chairman of the committee, then presented the completed work to the Mayor.

#### ALDERMAN BRECK'S ADDRESS.

*Mr. Mayor:*— We are here to-day to dedicate a group of statuary donated to the City of Boston by our distinguished and esteemed fellow-citizen, the Hon. Moses Kimball, whose liberal generosity is most warmly appreciated, and will be remembered by not only this, but by each succeeding generation of Bostonians.

Much well-deserved credit is due to Mr. Kimball for the nice discriminating taste and excellent judgment that prompted him in the selection of a gift so beautiful, so appropriate, and so suggestive of historical reminiscences, as this group of emblematical figures, representing the most interesting, the most important, and the most sublime event that has ever transpired in the history of the world, resulting in the freedom of more than three millions of the colored race, who had been held in the cruel bondage of slavery since the early settlement of our country.

This group will be a lasting memorial of the issuing of that proclamation by Abraham Lincoln which

broke her right leg, between the ankle and the knee ; the pain when Dr. Wiggins set it an hour afterwards was borne like a heroine ; in a few days she was in a wheel chair, active and happy, and in a week or two would hop out on one foot, and with a croquet mallet help herself around the room. One day, when allowed down stairs, she picked some flowers, gathered them in her apron, (holding it in her mouth,) and hopped over to a grave to fill a glass that she was accustomed to supply with fresh flowers ; she did not know the lady whose name was cut in the marble but the empty glass always invited her to bring flowers, and this grave is now very near her own garden bed.

From September 1st, 1880, to March 1st, 1881, Linnet attended Miss Ward's school, afterwards spent a few weeks at Miss Wiggin's. That Spring a touch of malaria made her frail, and we watched her closely all Summer. A year of home study followed, and in January, 1882, she commenced school at Miss Magie's, in Dover ; the nine train in the morning, and the four in the afternoon, connected home and school life for three years and three months. The last day being April 30th, 1886. In her school bag she brought home one book—*The New Practical Arithmetic*—that her father had dated on his wedding day. Thus she studied from the problems he had written, among the lessons of her last day, nineteen days before she entered

“The School where Christ himself doth rule.”

August 16, 1884, the good ship Anchoria started from New York for Glasgow with our little house-

hold as a part of her passengers. The voyage was one of concentrated pleasure in its social life, and its wonderful manifestations of the power and goodness of God. The trip through Scotland and England, and a little tour of the Continent, opened new instruction and enjoyment day by day, and when, October 25, we were welcomed home, we felt that goodness and mercy had followed.

In Paris, we selected slides to illustrate our journey, so that the friends who remained at home might share in the things we looked upon with so much interest. Two years previously the young people had been gathered at the parsonage for mutual entertainment and instruction, under the name of the YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIAL. Linnet subscribed for sixty copies of *Children's Work for Children*; these were placed in as many families, and the questions on the last page formed the basis of study for these monthly gatherings. We tried to have something, or somebody, to represent the country and people of our study, and thus the need and use of a Stereopticon was developed; we commenced in the house with an oil lantern, but not having room we adjourned to the church, in a few months. Linnet had charge from the first; the patient hours of work, adjusting those pictures in that lantern, we cannot number, but month by month at home, and occasionally in other places where papa gave an illustrated lecture, she had the heavy end,—doing the work faithfully, even to May 8th, when, in our own parlor, she handled the slides, for the last time, for the entertainment of a sick uncle.

In 1882, a number from the Sunday School formed a YOUNG GIRLS' MISSION BAND. As secretary, Linnet, drew up the following resolutions :

"The Young Girls' Mission Band was organized March 1st, 1882, and has adopted this Constitution.

The meetings will be held on the first Saturday of every month, at the home of one of the members, (Summer and Winter.) at two or three o'clock—according to the amount of work to be done. The first half-hour to be given to devotional exercise, as follows :

1. Singing of a Hymn out of Gospel Songs.
2. Uniting in the "Lord's Prayer."
3. Singing of a Hymn.
4. Uniting in the 23rd Psalm.
5. Reading of some Missionary article.
6. Singing of a Hymn.

This is to consume at least a half-hour. Then if there is work to be done, work until time for an early tea; after that the meeting is finished. During any part of the meeting gossiping will not be allowed.

[Signed.]

E. P. STODDARD, SEC.

This the unaided work of a child of twelve years.

Efficient work was done in helping to fill a box for the Persian school. These young people earned or saved their money. Linnet, among others, had a garden of early vegetables, which she planted and tended for a home market. The little society kept accounts with minute exactness; paid for everything they used and surprised us all by the neatness and variety of their handiwork. In a year, or so, the older members dropped out of the meetings; and for three years Linnet carried the little band, devoting the first Saturday of each month, never allowing any engagement to interfere. Early in May she prepared a new book, marking the months for the coming year;

the names of members, with the amounts due from each and the items connected with the working plan of the society; the accounts all balanced seem to have been prepared for this passing of the trust into other hands. We hope the inspiration of her love for this work will live in it, and accomplish through it much service for her dear Lord. Thus she had been interested in some departments of Christian work for these years.

With her own money she subscribed for papers to send to little friends. A tiny safe held new coins and some proportion of her spending money, so she always had mission funds. These little things were done without a suggestion from anyone and without our knowledge, excepting as the facts crept out incidentally. Light and frolicsome there was this undertone of noble purpose; the controlling motive seemed to be to live to make some one happy. If she thought any little friend was not receiving a due share of attention in company she would seek her out; if anyone censured her companions she would take the blame herself. Mamma never could say this companion has led you to do something to displease me, but she would answer promptly, "I went myself; don't find fault with anyone else." Always frank and honest; true to her friends whatever their condition; it is a comfort to hear them say "Linnet never slighted me." Impulsive and ardent, quick to speak and act, she had an intense nature to control, a strong will to govern and guide, but she had a heart full of warm sympathies, a fine sense of honor, an intuitive perception of right and wrong, a deep and high ap-



preciation of nobility in others, and a constancy of devotion to a chosen aim that surmounted all difficulties in the way of its accomplishment.

From a child she loved the Sunday School, and it was never her choice to stay from home on the Sabbath. The death of her loved teacher, Mrs. Convin, May 13th, 1882, affected her very much. Of her own accord she sent to Morristown for a floral tribute, and gathering the class together sat with them among the mourners. The gifts of this teacher were more and more treasured as the child grew to understand her worth.

Years passed ; the social life of the parish was entered into with the enthusiasms of her nature : its study in the elocution class, its recreations, its varied interests became her own. Meanwhile the religious life was deepening.

In February she attended special meetings at Flinders ; there was a request that those who purposed to serve God should arise ; she arose and from that hour seemed to grow rapidly in Christian experience ; she wrote letters to her friends, laid out plans for work, and entered with all the ardor of her temperament into the service of Christ. One day she said to an invalid friend "I want to bring all the Mission Band into the fold of Christ, I want you to pray for them and help me plan for their good." She also asked prayer for a young college friend to whom she had written, urging him to live for Christ ; he had replied that it was too serious a subject for him now, he would lay it aside for a while, but she said "I am not going to give him up, I am going to keep right on un-

til he answers me, I can't let him go." In a letter to the same friend she urged her again to suggest some *real* Christian work—particularly with regard to the Mission Band and the young people of the community, adding "I have been praying that some way might be shown me to do good, and now may be you can suggest it." This friend said, I never saw anybody so in earnest. "You see you can help me a great deal. I will pray for your father and mother, also for you, and hope you will pray for me."

On Sabbath, April 18, learning there had been baptisms at Drakesville, she said "If the water is warm enough I can be baptized this week." Wednesday was her choice; it was a perfect day; friends gathered around the banks of the little stream as papa led the dear child into the water and consecrated her to the Lord in that emblematic grave; every arrangement was made for her comfort and she seemed perfectly well. The following Friday, instead of returning home from school, she went to gather Arbutus in the Scrub Oaks for the Easter service, returning by the 7 o'clock to McCaineville; the day was warm, the evening cool; she became overheated in the sun, drank freely of spring water, and rode in the cool air, and at night was cold and needed more clothing. The next day rode to Dover on horseback in the morning, and to meet her mother at Drakesville, at 5.40 P. M. train.

On Sabbath, April 25th, the interesting service commemorating Christ's resurrection in the morning; in the afternoon helping to teach the Infant class at Sabbath school. Of this service the teacher remarked

afterward: "Rarely have I had such good help. Now I know where to find it."

On the following Sabbath, May 2nd, the solemn service of uniting with God's people. In the evening the Missionary concert; and all were engaged in without special signs of fatigue.

On Monday we went to New York to meet a sick uncle returning from Florida; did errands and returned by the evening train.

On Tuesday she rode on horseback in the morning; rested and went to Schooley's Mountain by the 4 P. M. train; when she followed the Life of Christ, putting 125 slides into the stereopticon, as her papa delivered his lecture.

On our way home on Wednesday stopped to see a sick friend at Flanders. On returning found the sick uncle at the parsonage. Linnet was tired but forgot herself in trying to entertain the guests. On Thursday put on her white apron to serve at the Ladies' Monthly Missionary Meeting, and drove to Drakesville with one of the friends. On Saturday helped to care for the sick, and prepared the records of her Mission Band; the storm preventing a meeting. On Sabbath at Church in the morning; a little milk served as lunch, and with papa she drove to Nolan's Point, Lake Hopatcong, seven miles, to a funeral; returning at 3 P. M. they both went immediately to Sabbath School; at 5 o'clock there was the burial of a child, and a short service at the grave; although weary she attended evening service. On Monday was with the friends who were preparing to leave. Monday evening brought her bible to mamma for some references

in relation to the study of Mt. Sinai, which was to have been the next stereopticon lecture; then she sat in the large chair and listened to some of the notes prepared, and was much interested. On Tuesday the sick uncle and his wife were carefully handed to the back seat, the trunk occupying the front, save where a slender board had been placed, on this Linnet sat, papa being in front almost resting on her knees; thus they rode to Drakesville. On their return they took mamma for an errand. The same afternoon Linnet went to Dover on the 4 o'clock train, returning on the six; she seemed weary and we urged her to rest. On Wednesday she was out and in, and riding much as usual, saying "I can do anything I want to, but I do not feel like doing much." Wednesday evening she insisted on walking to the Post Office, saying: "The air will do me good, I need exercise; the same night she awoke with a feeling of cold, but soon rested and seemed to grow better in the morning. On Thursday she took the usual remedies for malaria, and on Friday rode out all day, saying "I feel so much better in the air." On Saturday it rained. She was urgent in her plea to go out, saying she wanted the air, and she would be wrapped in anything. We were obliged to deny her, much as we longed to indulge. The last record in her diary (May 6th) was "I am better."

On Sabbath morning she wrote a note to the doctor; on the envelope addressing it "At home;" these significant words were the last traced by her hand. We called on the doctor, carrying the note, and drove around in the bracing air; frequently she would say

Linnet knows that mamma loves her; the same recognition followed. But when papa spoke the dear child was too far away to hear. He said, Good bye, baby dear. We kissed her trembling lips and watched her fall asleep,—so sweetly, so calmly, that we knew she was safe in the arms of Jesus.

We turned to the lonely life to take up Linnet's work for Christ. And we earnestly pray that all who loved her, and who cherish her memory, will share in this work; that her call to the service of heaven may call others to the service of earth; that when we are gathered home we may bring many whom we have led there through the inspiration of her love for us, and her love for Christ.









Presbyterian Church at Succasunna, N. J.



## ADDRESS

BY REV. W. W. HALLOWAY, JR.,

MAY 22ND, 1886.

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God is not dependent, as man is, upon the element of time in His work. He sends out worlds into space and gives them an ellipse which requires a thousand, thousand years to traverse. He causes a flower to grow in the field which will last but a day, and He breathes upon it a perfume as if from His own mouth, and gives it a beauty as exquisite as if painted by His own hand. A thousand years are with Him as one day and one day is as a thousand years.

She around whose form we gather to-day has had but a brief life; and briefer yet has been her life *in* life. LINNET STODDARD was born July 21st, 1869; April 21st, 1886, a month ago, she was buried with Christ in baptism. May 2nd, three weeks ago, she united with the Church of Christ; two days ago she went to be with Christ, which is far better.

It is a very short biography. It is all summed up in a few words. Yet how beautiful and fitting all—

and especially these last experiences of hers! May we not believe that God was thus preparing her for the end, giving her this spiritual development at the end as the crown of her life? Can we doubt that the rapid growth in grace during these last days were His work to fit her for her burial—say, rather, for her entrance upon the inheritance of the saints in light? He sometimes works thus. It is with our lives often as it is with some flowers. The process of development is slow in the first stages, but as the end approaches the process perceptibly hastens.

I saw a night blooming cereus a while ago in queenly flower. It had been a long while preparing and growing up to this consummation of its being. There had been months before the bud had formed upon the stem. But when the bud was once formed then it grew with marvelous speed, and burst at last into radiant glory of flower almost in a moment. So, at times, it is with us. The life goes on slowly and without event for a long season, and then there comes a rich and Divine experience into it, and its development seems to be carried on with almost miraculous haste, flashing out into perfection of sweet character all in a moment. It is God preparing for the transplanting from earth to heaven.

We notice it afterward. At the time our eyes are holden. But after the beloved one is gone then we recall it all. We say “How beautiful she grew during those last months! How gentle and patient and good! How womanly she became! How earnest she was to do the right! How wise her speech!” It has been so with Linnet. Friends have spoken to

me since I have been here to-day of the change there has been in her during the months past ; of her consistent walk ; of her growing Christian character.

It was God ripening her for the glory to be revealed in her.

“God moves in a mysterious way,  
His wonders to perform ;  
He plants His footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan His work in vain ;  
God is His own interpreter,  
And He will make it plain.”

With Jesus it was thirty years of preparation, and three years of ministry. With Moses it was forty years of wandering in the wilderness toward Canaan, and a brief, longing glance into the Promised Land at the close. Seldom will life

“To one man allow  
Time to discover worlds and conquer too.”

We may believe, too, that God intends that Linnet shall serve Him in her death as well as in her life. It was hoped she would be spared for many years to glorify her Lord. But we do not die to ourselves any more than we live to ourselves. Perhaps she will glorify God more in the manner and time of her death than if she had wrought for Him a lengthy period in her active ministry. Surely that death must have its influence. Surely it must make its impression deep and lasting upon you who were her friends and companions. She, being dead, shall yet speak to you through coming years. Can you think of that quick



summons and not be moved? Can you recall that sudden removal from the midst of earth's enjoyments, and of home's comforts and of friend's affections without heeding the lesson? Will there not be a continual call to you, in your remembrance of her, to give your heart to God? Will there not be awakened longings and prayers that you may rejoice with her among the throng clothed in white before the throne? Ah, I do not think that I, or any man could speak as eloquently, as persuasively to you, urging you to take the law of Christ for your guide, and the life of Christ for your example as these sealed lips do speak now. May God lead you to attend, and in the morning of your days to choose the better part which cannot be taken away from you.

My dear friends: It is only a few years ago that you stood by me in scenes similar to these with your Christian sympathy and counsel. I can never forget it. And I am glad here to-day to be able to remind you, in turn, of "the God of all comfort, who comforteth us in all our tribulations that we may be able to comfort others with the comfort wherewith we are comforted of God."

I bring to your remembrance too the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said "whosoever believeth in me though he were dead yet shall he live."

Linnet is not dead. She has disappeared from your vision for a season. But she lives still. To our vision upon the earth the sun will seem to be extinguished this evening when it disappears behind the western horizon. But if we were placed at a sufficiently lofty altitude we would learn that it is still shining upon

other peoples. It is hidden from us here, but its light is not put out nor its heat destroyed.

So our beloved leave us, but if we could see as God sees we would know that though they have been taken from our sight they yet live in another world ; “they are before the throne of God, and serve Him day and night in His temple, and He that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them.” For “He is not the God of the dead but of the living, and unto Him all live.”







# MEMORIAL SERMON

BY

REV. E. W. STODDARD, D. D.,

MAY 30TH, 1886.

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FIGHT THE GOOD FIGHT OF FAITH, LAY HOLD ON  
ETERNAL LIFE.—1 TIMOTHY VI: 12.

Four weeks ago to-day a band of young disciples came to this altar to consecrate themselves unto the Lord. To each I gave a Bible text as a motto for life. To my daughter I gave this Scripture, "Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life." She had been interested in some departments of Christian work for years, but this was an entire consecration, a putting on of the whole armor for life service. We knew not that only one short month of this was for earth; that the Master had a place for her in His own presence, a part ready for her in the ministering service of heaven. In February, when publicly she first arose to express her decision to lead a Christian life, she said "I stood then not so much for myself;

I did not dare to sit still, for I knew if I did not rise my friend sitting by me would not." Even then the thought of service for the sake of others, and this thought did not leave her. One of the last calls she made to a sick friend, and early member of the Girl's Mission Band, she said "Wont you help me think how I can do more for Jesus Christ? I do want to work for Jesus."

The good fight of faith is most clearly seen in conquering self. The enemies that hinder Christian life are largely the sins and temptations arising in our own hearts; and victories there are surest signs of victory in more open conflict. The severest conflict of which I knew was in her own room. We sat talking of the Christian life; I said, To enter it, three things seem to me necessary: repentance—sorrow for sin; faith—acceptance of Christ as your Saviour; right living—which shows to the world your choice of Christ. She answered, "I do not think I can be a Christian, for while I want to obey Christ, and think I accept Him, I have not felt that I was a great sinner; I have not had any great sorrow for sin." I answered, Sin against God may be in the first part or second part of the Ten Commandments; in the second part it is disobedience to parents, murder, adultery, stealing, lying and coveting. In these things you have no knowledge of great sin, and there can be no great sorrow. In the first part there is neglect of God; you have not been always ready to acknowledge God. There is your great sin. Christ says that not to believe on Him is greatest of all sin. Your great sorrow for sin will be that you have



so long neglected Christ. Our conversation closed, and no more doubts about being a Christian were uttered.

In a few days all her plans about baptism, and the place where she wished to unite with the Church, were formed. She herself leading the way by inquiry and conversation, with friends here and in Newark. Half her life had been spent there, and very dear friends resided there. I had expected Newark would be chosen. When stating her decision, she said, "I could rarely meet the Church there; my home is here. This is the people I am often to meet; I want to unite here." She learned, April 18th, that several persons were baptized at Drakesville; she said, "Why could not I be baptized now and come to the Church the first Sabbath in May?" On the same day, April 18th, she sought the advice of the Session, and made request for baptism. April 21st was the day chosen. With unfaltering step, and with courage begotten of faith, she went forward to her baptism into Christ's death, sign and seal of the covenant of grace; May 2nd, with nine others, she stood here to acknowledge Christ as her Saviour, and sat down with us at the sacrament, the emblem of Christ's body broken for us, and His blood shed for the cleansing away of our sin.

May 6th, at the prayer meeting, Christian growth was urged upon young Christians: 1st, By frequent and stated seasons of prayer. 2nd, By careful daily reading of the Word. Read only so much daily as the mind will hold; choose the choicest thought for meditation during the day. 3rd, At prayer meeting,

bring the choicest of all the week for the help and benefit of others. This will help to give freshness and profit to the prayer meeting.

May 13th, rain adjourned the prayer meeting. On the next day, May 14th, as we rode for her comfort, I said, The prayer meeting did not permit us to get any choice thoughts from any Christian last night, but I would like to know the choice thoughts of your reading. Without hesitation or delay, she answered, "Paul says of the Gentiles, That they are the wild olive grafted into the good olive tree, and they take of the root and fatness of the good olive; the Gentiles have as good right to all the promises and blessings of God as the Jews, but the Gentiles must take heed; they stand by faith; and Paul says to them, If God spare not the natural branches, take heed lest He spare not thee." Hearing this, how did my heart glow with gratitude; that which I had desired God had permitted me to see in the growth of this young Christian in knowledge and grasp of God's word. This is such a part of the good fight of faith that I am sure the victory will be gained.

In every Christian life there is the soldier element, and a large portion of that life is spent in the drill and practice of soldier duties. What are the drill duties of faith, and what the conflicts of faith into which the Christian is to enter, and in which he is to struggle till faith is turned to sight, and conflict to victory?

First, To get right ideas of God. God is a spirit, and they that worship Him must worship in spirit and in truth. We must believe that God is, and

that He is a rewarder of all such as diligently seek Him. This other truth follows at once : God is greatly displeased with the sin of having any other God. He is jealous of His own honor, and the place He holds in the hearts of His creatures. God's word gives such a view of God, and the struggle of our faith is to grasp it and hold it, and live under it. This is the soldier drill of faith.

Second, The conflict of faith : which is largely to conquer the doubts which spring up in our minds about duty to God. Rarely can you make a good soldier of an old man ; not because he is unwilling but his physical hardness hinders facility of motion, and easy learning of movements. Faith must possess and conquer the mind and bring it into subjection to the law of Christ, and this more easily in youth. Not what we know, but what is revealed is the law of faith, and faith will conquer doubts ; doubts that will not yield to faith are our masters, and they become the law of life and a poor comfort for the future. But faith endures as seeing that which is invisible, and rests on that which an Almighty Saviour can give. Nothing is impossible with God in the victories of faith.

Third, The good fight of faith forecasts a hard conflict of soul with the powers of evil. Look at your own or any other human soul. Daily victories over the power of sin alone give composure, strength, courage and hope gained at fearful cost.

In a charge on the enemy, a soldier is sometimes called to open up a way for his companions by his own death. If this Christian soldier is to do her life-

work in her death the shortness of the conflict will hasten on the victory. They tell us that in battle the sound that strikes deeper into the head of the soldier than the roar of cannon is the command *close up the ranks*. A comrade has fallen ; take the empty place ; hold the advantage gained. Honor the dead by holding the ground secured. In the battle of life we are called to close up the ranks ; come close together, and those on the outside come into the midst of the conflict and share in the victory. If our life conflicts be not for Christ, life is a failure. In the good fight of faith, to lay hold on eternal life, no one can afford to be out of the strife. It is to lay hold on eternal life, which is the glory of our Christ. We glorify Christ fighting the good fight of faith.

What else was comprehended in this brief service ? letters to friends, prayer meetings and home duties. One writes, "No other of my young friends ever asked me to think of my spiritual condition and see whether I was on the right path or the wrong." Another said, "She promised to pray for me every day at half-past five o'clock." Another, "She wrote me at once of her decision to serve Christ, and wished I would join in this service." Thus she fought the good fight of faith and laid hold on eternal life. The Master wanted this young soldier by His own side, and He called and crowned her. Four weeks from the day she was buried with Him by baptism she was ready for burial ; and three days later she, her body, was laid in the grave which Christ hallowed, and from which she will arise at His command. The soul has gone

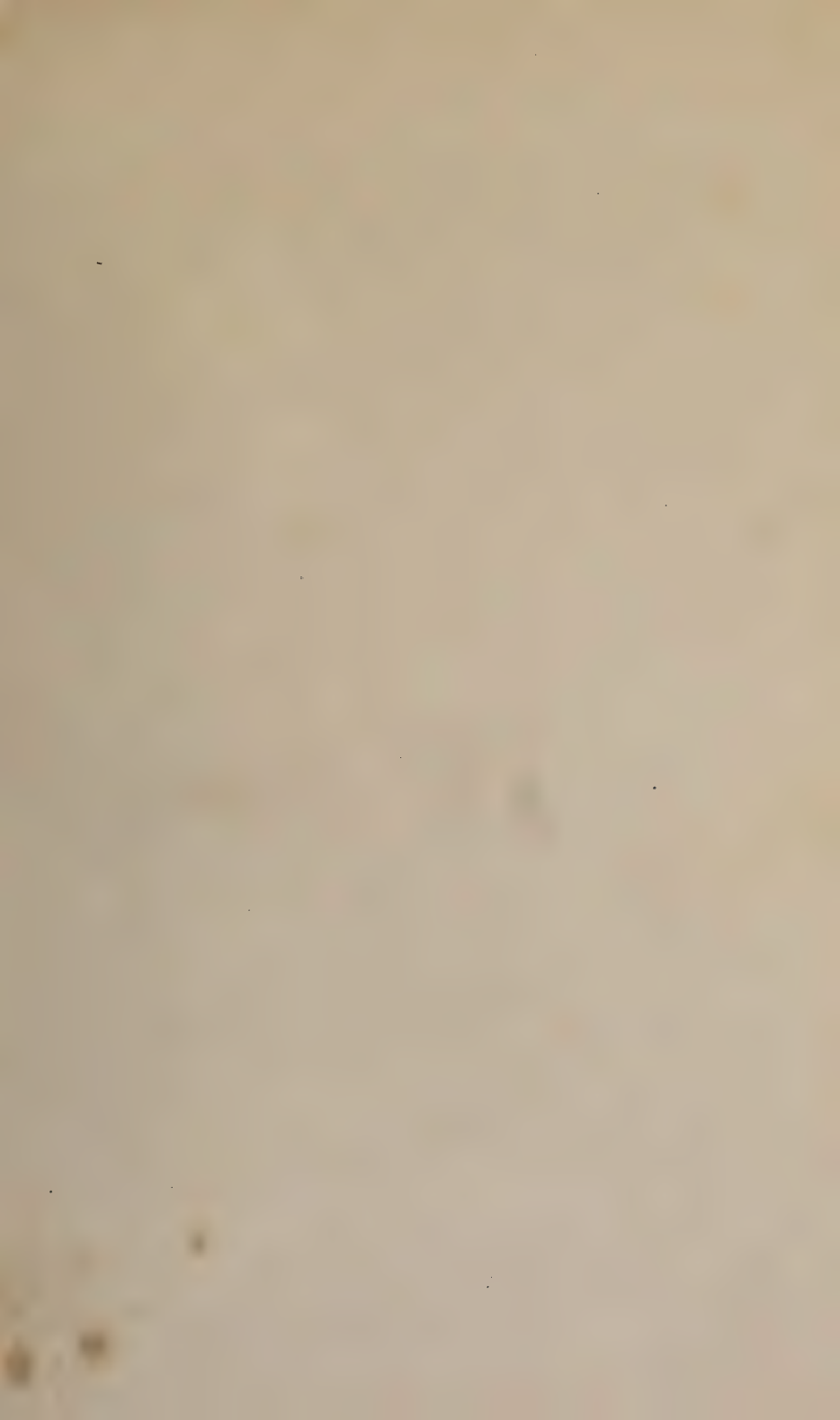
home. Think of your young companion as in heaven, and so live as to meet her there.

To the Mission Band that she loved I would say, You mourn not to see her face on earth, you shall see it again in heaven. Work for Christ; fight the good fight of faith. To young companions, Remember—life is short. Be careful not to waste the moments, the opportunities; so live as to be ready at any moment to go home. So often in the struggle of thirty hours there rang out in sharp tones, “Stand up, stand up;” and more often in plaintive pleading, “Please, dear God, let me go; dear God do please let me go.” God has answered the prayer, and in the new home she waits for us. When you look at her picture, or recall her memory, or pass the earthly resting place, remember Christ has welcomed her; friends have welcomed her over there, and she now is watching and waiting for you. Fight the good fight of faith; lay hold on eternal life.











*Summit*  
at Fourteen years.



## SELECTIONS FROM LETTERS.

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“Too precious for earth. God has taken your treasure to Himself; there will your hearts be until the grand reunion.”

“Only we who were intimate with dear Linnet know our loss; her school friends will always remember her as bright, happy Linnet. A friend to whom all could go in gloom or sunshine, and I hope we will all follow the good example she set us, so that in the hereafter we may join her in the home prepared for God's children.”

“I loved Linnet as I seldom loved my girl friends.”

“But better things God is giving to Linnet, having promoted her to a higher class in His own immediate presence; there she is being taught and trained for His service and glory as she could not be here with the hindrances she must have met. You would not keep her back from Jesus if you could. In this little while we are permitted to have fellowship with Him in His sufferings.”

“He who comes with the cup of sorrow in one hand holds in the other the cup of healing balm, and while we are called to drink of one cup we may also drink of the other.”

“Of one thing I am sure—the Lord is with you, according to His word.”

“The soul that knows nowhere else to fly, flies to God; and to sink into the arms of Infinite love is to weep no longer.”

“Dear Linnet is remembered by every one who saw her even as a child.”

“I have sweetest memories of the bright life; she only knew the bright side of life. For her the glory; for you the bitterness of pain.”

“In all our afflictions He is afflicted.”

“The regard I felt for that bright and joyous life was deep and sincere.”

“In the flush of youth; so bright, so gifted, so good.”

“Your joy is turned into mourning; your light into darkness.”

“You have a precious child in heaven. Jesus loved her and has taken her to Himself.”

“She had given her heart to Him, and He could no longer spare the bright jewel from His crown; now there remains sweetest memories of the past,



and a patient waiting for the meeting beyond the river. 'What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter.' "

"Her life was unusually bright and free from care. She will be greatly missed by her companions."

"You needed her so much ; her bright, sweet, young life in your home. Her life was one great joy, crowned with a peaceful death. The sorrow and desolation are yours ; for her, joy, peace and the wonderful companionship of the Master. It seems to me like one crowning act of self-sacrifice demanded of the great mother love."

"The Father, infinite in wisdom, love and sympathy, has taken her and we sit dumb ; but He will ere long restore her to you in His better home, where there are no partings."

"The bitterness of parting with loved ones only those fully understand who have suffered loss. You rest in belief that all things work together for good to those who love God."

"It is a comfort to know that the great angel let her down into the valley gently and tenderly. She wrote to me frequently on the subject of religion, especially in the late months."

"The example that dear Linnet has left will give strength and courage to all who ever knew her. To think of the great work she was permitted to do, during the few years she was with us, cannot but fill our hearts with joy while we are mystified and stricken

by this Providence. In the work of Linnet's short stay we see the work of a life-time for others. I pray that all who ever knew her may take a lesson from so noble a character."

"It seems as if a light had come to earth, remained for a season, then returned to heaven. A reflection of its beauty will ever remain in hallowed memories to lead us in the path that grows brighter unto the perfect day."

"The nearer we come to our beloved master, the closer we are to our loved ones."

"I cannot express my sorrow that a life so lovely and promising should be taken away. The contemplation of your bereavement brings tears to my eyes which have not flowed since I reached manhood. I claim a share in this bereavement."

"I trust it will not be an intrusion if I, so much a stranger, say I have suffered too, and sorrow with you; yes, I must add, rejoice with you in the victory which overcometh even our faith."

"What bright hopes for you are blighted; what desolation sweeps away the anticipated joy. It is not human strength that rises to work after such a crushing blow. Unseen arms must be holding you up and Infinite wisdom directing."

"I feel that I can say nothing to bring comfort to such a sorrow as yours. I am too much overwhelmed with my own selfish grief, which seems to oppress more every day. The sweet balm which faith gives;

your trust in the inscrutable wisdom of the Almighty, and the unshaken belief that the pure, sweet soul still lives and awaits you in heaven, this will do much to lighten your burden. Death may have taken her away forever from this world, yet I know the sister-love still lives with us ; I cannot think otherwise."

"When you think of Linnet's many friends who feel a sense of personal loss in her departure, count in our girls, and all of us, in the number."

"How welcome the recollection that during her stay here, in preparation for the better country, she was almost always with you, and that she gave herself so unreservedly to Christ."

"I can imagine some of the recollections—those bright, blissful days beyond the Atlantic when you were seeing the Old World through your own and through Linnet's younger eyes ; and those evenings when these scenes were reviewed for the pleasure of others, the father at one end of the church and the daughter in skillful operation of the lantern at the other. How many recollections must come to show the worth of your treasure and deepen the feeling of loss. What an influence these memories must exert upon her circle of young friends ; what better token of their affection could they give than a prompt, hearty public acknowledgment of her Saviour. Your bird has gone hence ; may the life-giving, holy dove be in your home to bring you the comfort that you have so often taken to others."

"In Linnet I found the truest and best of all my young friends, and the only one who ever asked me

to think of my spiritual condition and see whether I was in the right path or the wrong. I think her influence has done more to make me better than anything else in this world, and may God make the lesson of her peaceful death sink deep, deep into my sinful heart, and work there the good which Linnet prayed for so earnestly and often. May God reconcile you to your loss. He has only called to His arms one who was too pure and saintly for this wicked world, and she is at peace for all eternity."

"The question is, in my mind, did not she by her short stay accomplish more than some of us to whom the Father has given a longer life? Could she not by her Christian life and death have accomplished some great good, and thus be ready for the greater service in the better life? Or could the Almighty, in His Infinite wisdom have foreseen great trouble and released her from suffering? This is a drop of comfort in a cup of sorrow filled to the brim and overflowing."

"They who have undergone, and overcome, stand with their keys to open life's emergencies to their fellow pilgrims. The wondrous power of experience ennobles our sorrows by making them useful. Every stroke of affliction is God putting into our hands the key of that sorrow to unlock its mysteries for others. Some of these keys are golden, some iron; and we find our joy in our sorrow as we can open a way for others who also suffer, that we may comfort others with the comfort wherewith we are comforted of God."

"I have hardly a right to intrude upon the sacred

privacy of your deep sorrow, but I am sure you will pardon me for wishing to mingle my tears with yours at this time, and to tell you how keenly we all sympathize with you and Dr. Stoddard in your sudden bereavement. Your note was handed to George just as we were sitting down to dinner, to-day ; he could not repeat the painful news, but silently passed the paper to me, leaving me to break it to the rest of the family. Both George and Charles soon left the table, and we all felt as if we had heard of the loss of one of our own family. My wife said that she could scarcely believe that she had never seen Linnet ; her name had been such a 'household word' with us for the past two years. If we, who knew the dear child only in this comparatively slight way feel her loss so much what a terrible blow must it be to you, and what a fearful gap it must make in your little family circle ; I will not presume to say that I can fully conceive of it for I have never lost a child. May He who loves us when He chastens us give you strength to bear it. In a letter that Linnet wrote to the boys, only a few days ago, she spoke somewhat hopefully of the plan of your crossing the ocean again with us ; and now she has suddenly gone across that darker, broader sea, from whose farther shore there is no return to this terrestrial land ; but it is a fair and happy country on the other side of that swelling flood, and, as you say, we will hope that we may all one day rejoin her there."

"Now that school has closed I feel a constant wish to hear some one speak of Linnet, if it is only to men-



tion her name. As long as I sat in the school room she was so vividly present to my mind that I could hardly realize that she was not there. It seemed as if I need only to look up from my book and see her bright, happy, sunny face; always kind, always bright. Her habitual expression of countenance was very beautiful; I am glad to have such a picture in my mind. I did not know until lately what beauty of soul there was in Linnet's face; and yet it was always there. Now, in recalling her, I think only of the expression; so full of love and good-will toward every one. It is not hard to think of such a face in heaven. Its cheerfulness did me good while it was in my sight, and it does me good now, in memory. I need not tell you that Linnet's death made a deep impression on the school; it was hard work to go on to the end of the session. Some of the older pupils left school; others tried to continue, but did not get back any spirit for the work. It was particularly hard to close with the evening in the parlor, as usual. I thought I could not do that, at first, but the younger children, who by that time constituted the body of the school, were expecting it and anticipating it with pleasure, and I could not let them think that they were losing a little amusement now through Linnet, when she had always done much to help them in every pleasure. I wish I knew how to express my sympathy with you and Dr. Stoddard. At least let me thank you for having let me see what I shall always remember as an ideal Christian home."

"I have spent much time in thinking of Linnet's

school life yet I do not find it easy to write anything resembling a connected account of it. The part that fills my mind cannot be put in words; the picture of Linnet herself, as she sat hard at work in the school-room, her expressive face showing to those who knew her what was passing in her mind. From the first her presence in the school was a source of pleasure to both teachers and pupils. She was a universal favorite; she had pleasant words and kind thoughts for all, and from all. We soon found that she was thoroughly to be trusted; she was always to be found in her place at the right time, and she was always well prepared for recitations. Her conscientiousness in this respect was extreme; she not only needed no urging from her teachers, she was unwilling to neglect lessons even when the reasons for doing so were sufficiently strong to satisfy all but herself. When absent from school she was in the habit of studying the lessons, which would otherwise have been omitted, sending her exercises and compositions to be examined by me. The first time that this occurred was during a fortnight spent in Saratoga, when she was only thirteen years of age, and at a time when she had a great deal to occupy her attention, being placed in circumstances which would certainly have seemed to most girls ample excuse for idleness; the last time was only a few weeks before her death. The influence for good which such a pupil can exert is very great; and Linnet was formed by nature to influence those with whom she came in contact. Yet even more than her carefulness in study we valued her thorough kindness of heart, which made her speak and think

charitably of others ; her entire freedom from envy, suspicion and malice, and from display of any kind ; her frank, outspoken truthfulness which never hurt others, because the thoughts which were so freely spoken were good thoughts. All these things were matters of course to you who have had Linnet all her short life ; they are not at all matters of course in a schoolroom. During the last month of her life she was in school but a few days. We knew that she was not in good health, but we did not dream of actual danger. We spoke of her frequently, putting off some parts of our school work “until Linnet comes back.” When we found that she was not to come back no one had any heart for the work thus deferred ; we were obliged to substitute other lessons, where that could be done. When we heard that the illness was assuming a serious form we watched eagerly for news, yet still without anticipating anything more than prolonged suffering for her, and prolonged waiting for us, before we could see her again. The news of her death came suddenly, annihilating for the time every other thought. At first we refused to believe it ; even yet it seems part of an evil dream. The school was filled with mourning ; we could not speak of Linnet, and we could not think of anything else. You say that you do not want eulogy, and I have tried to refrain ; the attempt prevents me, possibly, from recalling just those incidents which might be recorded here. I am sorry that I cannot find language to express the feelings of affection, admiration, respect, gratitude, that fill my heart in thinking of Linnet, so as to make a fitting tribute now. It is the picture of

Linnet herself which comes up before me that makes me despair of finding words to represent it. To me all language sounds cold ; and I sit thinking of her, without writing. I use the word 'we' through my letter to mean both pupils and teachers. We all loved and admired Linnet. Miss C——'s opinion of her I know to have been like mine, and my sister's also. It could not be otherwise with those who knew her. I have said nothing about one of Linnet's most pleasing characteristics, because it belongs more to her home life than to her school life. I mean the attention which she showed to those older than herself. She seemed to find pleasure in it, so doubling the pleasure which she gave ; for every one enjoys the willing companionship of a young girl. I have frequently noticed Linnet's conduct in this respect, and I have heard of it from my mother and others. I myself have had a dull day made bright by an unexpected meeting with her, more than once."

"One of the most beautiful developments in youth is that of the religious nature, and perhaps never more beautiful and helpful than to the eyes and lives of other young persons who are alike interested in the same matter. It was my highly esteemed privilege to be very thoroughly acquainted with Linnet's thoughts and feelings in reference to the great theme, and I may have seen some of the inner beauties of her Christian heart that others have not, and were it indeed possible how gladly would I reflect them for the comfort of the many friends who listen so eagerly for any word descriptive of one so dear to them.

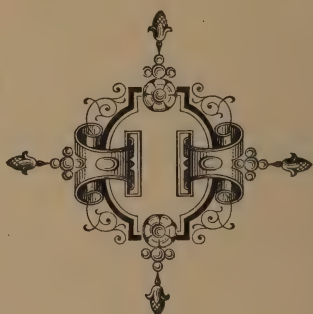
It is to be remarked what an unusual number of very true friends Linnet had. Friendships are common, and a special intense friendship is very frequently seen, but never in my acquaintanceship have I known of any young woman who held so many real warm true friends, not only of like age but younger and older, as did Linnet. To those who knew her as acquaintances only this may have been a matter of surprise, but not so to the favored many who felt the warmth of her loving interest in their welfare, expressed not only in words but deeds; and thus she gleaned alway, even among the sheaves, until many, many lives were happier and hearts better for her reigning in them. Having been for years deeply interested in Christ-like work for others her whole character was thus nurtured up to the fullness it attained, and her openly confessing Christ on the first Sabbath in May was to her Christian life like the breeze which carries the already created fragrance of the flower farther and farther upon its mission of blessing. Every day was a branch on the tree of life bearing its own peculiar fruit in deeds of kindness and benevolence, ripened by the glow of the pure true nature, and plucked for the unfortunate and friendless. The originality which was in a pleasing way prominently hers brightened every dark spot, and freshened everything upon which its influence fell. The beautiful light has not gone out, but is only transferred to the Kingdom of Light where its radiance will more fully glorify the Creator, while the trail of light and warmth which was shed here below, and which leads to the very gates of Heaven, will always



remain as a perpetual joy and guide to lighten the way Home."

"I only learned last evening of the sore and great affliction that has befallen you, and was about writing you a word of sympathy, when your favor came. I would very much like to be with you to-morrow, but my engagements are such as to make it impossible. The blow must have fallen very suddenly upon you; I had not even learned of your daughter's illness. The Lord comfort you in your great sorrow. Alas, how full of mystery is our earthly experience. How my heart often longs for the 'Land afar off, where we shall see the King in His beauty, and the inhabitants shall no more say I am sick.' May you and your dear wife see the Hand which Christian saw, after his conflict with Apollyon, stretched out of the cloud towards him holding a branch plucked off of the Tree of Life, wherewithal he refreshed himself. The same Jesus who brought light to Jairus' house is your helper too, and His words have greater and more blessed meaning now than then: 'the Maid is not dead but sleepeth.'"







## COMPENSATIONS.

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AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED TO THE BEREAVED PARENTS OF MISS LINNET STODDARD.

---

I had a flow'r—a lovely flower,  
It charmed my ravished eye;  
I little thought, within an hour,  
To see it droop and die.

I saw a Light—a brilliant light,  
I revel'd in its beams;  
But it grew dim—became as night,  
Like fancy's mocking dreams.

I saw the morning's sun arise,  
I hail'd the jocund day;  
But soon dense clouds o'ercast the skies,  
Which drove my joys away.

In sorrow I sat down to weep—  
To bitterly complain  
That death should sweep into its deep  
The sweetest in Love's train.

But I arose in calm repose  
To heed the Master's call;  
A cheering thought, composure wrought,  
Our Father knows it all.

In Time's cold vale, fond hopes may fail;  
These cherish'd treasures fade;  
But over there—forever fair—  
Our Treasures all are laid.

The flow'rs may bloom upon the tomb  
Where forms in waiting rest;  
In Heaven above, baptized in Love,  
All re-born souls are blest.

Another thought this solace brought;  
A sweet submission won;  
Whatever smart may pain my heart,  
Lord! "Let Thy will be done."

Dear heart be still—'tis Jesus' will,  
I must submissive be;  
Whate'er the loss, I'll bear the cross,  
My Saviour *did* for me.

We here must still Our mission fill,  
In giving joy for pain;  
Then "By and By," in peace on high,  
Receive our own again.

Since it is meet, it should be sweet,  
Though dim to mortal sight,  
To kiss the rod—applied by God;  
The *Father's* will is "Right"!

THOS. F. CLANCY.

DRAKESVILLE, MAY 24th, 1886.





## IN MEMORY.

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'Tis sweet, yet sad, to die in youth  
While still in life 'tis May,  
Just at the dawn of Summer hours,  
When all is bright and gay;  
And now when in their loveliness  
The scenes of May appear,  
And field, and grove, and river tell,  
A paradise is here.

'Tis sad to leave such charms behind,  
Which so delight the eye,  
And sadder much to part with those  
Held by love's tenderest tie;  
And deeper yet is felt the pang  
By those who still remain,  
For lost are sweet companionships  
We never here regain.

'Tis sweet to be thus called away  
To fairer fields and flowers  
Along Life's river, where they know  
The sweetest, happiest hours;  
Among the loved who wait us there  
Upon the other side,  
And first in all the heavenly host  
The Lamb who for us died.



Whatever is our Father's will,  
Concerning us below,  
Is good, and right, and just, and true,  
Which we but slowly know;  
And if at night, or noon, or morn,  
We take away our flight,  
'Tis but the rising through the mist  
To the immortal light.

The last I saw thee, youthful friend,  
Was when I heard thy vow  
To follow Jesus through thy life:  
How soon, and blest art thou!  
The days are few, like yesterday,  
And like a dream they've flown;  
Then thou wert in the bloom of youth,  
And now thou hast thy crown.

We think of her who gave thee birth,  
Now in the shadows gray,  
But it will be to her a joy,  
More sweet than heavenly lay,  
To know she has a darling child  
Free from a world like this;  
For here's but passing happiness,  
With Thee unending bliss.

She often will recall thy speech,  
And hear thy merry laugh;  
Which were as honey to her lips,  
And nectar she did quaff;  
But sweeter far 'twill be to rest  
In blessed hope—that love,  
Which gives to life its hallowed flame,  
Is more Divine above.

KAPPA.





## BIRTHDAY GREETINGS.

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FOR LINNET, ON HER NINTH BIRTHDAY, WITH THE HEART-  
LOVE AND PRAYER OF HER MOTHER.

---

### PRAISE.

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On this day, so full of gladness,  
We will sing with heart and voice  
Of our Heavenly Father's goodness,  
And with gratitude rejoice.

Nine times has the bud unfolded,  
Nine times has the Summer sun  
Ripened fruits, which Autumn gathered  
For nine Winters, one by one,

Since the little pilgrim started  
On a new and winding way;  
But a Hand unseen has guided,  
Every night, and every day.

May the years of life be given  
 To this faithful Loving Guide;  
 And thro' *endless* years in Heaven  
 May she with the blest abide!

"Praise Him every Sabbath,  
 Praise Him every day;  
 For His boundless goodness,  
 Ever praise and pray."



ELEVEN GOOD WISHES FOR MY "LINNET'S" ELEVENTH  
 BIRTHDAY, JULY 21, 1880.

The grace of each Beatitude  
 The heart and life adorn!  
 As *they* are with the 'Truth imbued  
 In girlhood's early morn.\*

\*Blessed *are* the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed *are* they that mourn: for they shall be comforted. Blessed *are* the meek: for they shall inherit the earth. Blessed *are* they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled. Blessed *are* the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed *are* the pure in heart: for they shall see God. Blessed *are* the peace-makers: for they shall be called the children of God. Blessed *are* they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.—MATT. v: 3-10.

Above all things to be in health,  
 That study and that play,  
 May gather, for the spirit, wealth  
 That cannot pass away.†

† Beloved, I wish above all things that thou mayest prosper and be in health, even as thy soul prospereth.—3 JOHN: 2.

Thy basket, and thy store, be blest;  
 A Father's hand of love,  
 Bestowing on thee what is best;  
 It *all* comes from above.\*

\* Blessed *shall be* thy basket and thy store.—DEUT. xxviii: 5.

Thy going out and coming in,  
 Be guarded night and day,  
 From every harm and every sin,  
 That may beset thy way.†

† The LORD shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even forevermore.—PS. cxxi: 8.

Sincere and earnest be the cry,  
 Confiding all its care;  
 No slumber dims the watchful Eye,  
 And God is everywhere.‡

‡ Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God.—PHIL. iv: 6.

Thy courtesy, thy kindly thought,  
 Be like the gentle dew;  
 In quietness its work is wrought,  
 Yet marvels can it do.§

§ Finally, *be ye* all of one mind, having compassion one of another; love as brethren, *be* pitiful, *be* courteous.—1 PETER 3: 8.

Example is the trace we make  
 Upon the flowing tide;  
 Be faithful for thine own dear sake,  
 And those on either side.||

|| But godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come.—1 TIM. iv: 12.

Gleam thy bright track upon the sea,  
 Tho' dark its waves may rise;  
 We live for an eternity;  
 Be thou among the wise\*

\* While we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen *are* temporal; but the things which are not seen *are* eternal.—2 COR. iv: 18.

Who shine as stars in Heaven's own blue,  
 When present things are past;  
 Some worthy aim each day pursue,  
 Secure the things that last.†

† And they that be wise, shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever.—DAN. xii: 3.

As sunbeams fall upon the flower,  
 And gladden as they come,  
 So may you be, from hour to hour,  
 A blessing in your home.‡

‡ Beloved, let us love one another: for love is of God; and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God.—1 JOHN iv: 7.

The treasures of an earthly clime  
 For thee I would implore,  
 But most of all the gifts sublime  
 Your own, forevermore.§

§ But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you.—MATT. vi: 33.

And when the mortal tie is riven,  
 And mother falls asleep;  
 The hope that we shall meet in Heaven,  
 Will comfort and will keep.||

|| For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him.—1 THESS. iv: 14.



Until the household band entire  
Shall gather round the Throne,  
To join with the angelic choir  
In praising God alone.\*

\* The whole family in heaven.—Eph, iii: 15.

A HEART OFFERING FROM MOTHER.



## FOURTEEN.

From the fields, where the daisies inspired the sweet song,  
Our Linnett is coming to join the great throng  
Upon the broad highway where the pilgrims of time  
Repeat earnest calls to a mission sublime;  
The Guide of our youth, in the day, in the night,  
Each step will appoint and encircle with light;  
Earth's toil and its pleasures a blessing be given,  
Noble work for this present, and "well done" in heaven.

WITH MAMMA'S LOVE.

SUCCASUNNA, N. J., JULY 21, 1883.



## FIFTEEN.

The dew-drops of morning, on leaflet and flower,  
Are gems in the sunshine of this favored hour,  
As midway the dawn and the noontide we meet  
The maid at the milestone and tenderly greet.

The path has been hedged with the blossoms of Spring,  
It echoed with notes of the bird on the wing;  
The brook at its side, rippling over the lea,  
Reflected a life quite as sparkling and free.

She gathered the buds, and scattered them wide;  
She learned the sweet song, and its ministry tried;  
The waters she quaffed, in her bright girlish way,  
As study and frolic divided the day.

The fountain of knowledge will yield more and more  
As it leads to the ocean of limitless store,  
And fragrant the planting of thought and of care,  
While gladsome the heart that finds God everywhere.

His blessing go with you! The path is untried;  
*Each step* is important, keep close to the Guide;  
What hopes and what promises beacon to you!  
So much you may win, and so much you may do!

That next to your hand is the work of the hour,  
As mantled by love you are girded with power;  
The home will be brightened, the world will be blest,  
And you will be happy, in doing your best.

As milestones are numbered in pilgrimage here,  
The legend engraven, by smile or by tear,  
Will record your progress, as thus you have come  
Still nearer and nearer to resting at home,

Until at the threshold, the sweet heavenly chime  
Shall ring, as your welcome, the farewell to time;  
And the glow of the sunset of earth fade away  
In the glorious morn of Eternity's day.

WITH MAMMA'S LOVE.





*Linnett*  
at 15½ years.

## SIXTEEN.

SIXTEEN, the bud unfolded—the fragrance of the flower  
 I s promise of the fruit of the oncoming hour;  
 X times the largest number you can name to-day  
 T he wishes of our hearts for every good alway;  
 E ach year of time is a Mosaic gem, inlaid  
 E ach with the brighter hues, and those of sombre shade:  
 N o one complete unless the tints of heaven pervade.

FOR LINNET---FROM MAMMA.

SUCCASUNNA, N. J., JULY 21, 1885.



## TO LINNET---FROM MAMMA.

S ince thy last birthday, precious child, thy love,  
 E arnest and true, was given to one above;  
 V ows had been *sealed* one month, the Bridegroom came,  
 E xalted thee to share His home, and name;  
 N ow as you walk with Him in realms of light,  
 T hy loved ones walk with Him in shades of night;  
 E ach clinging to the hand of one Dear Guide,  
 E ach near the other—one on either side;  
 N earer each step, and ere long to abide

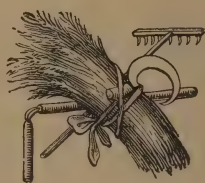
Together,

Forever,

Forever with the Lord.

JULY 21, 1886.







## Extract from Linnet's Last Letter,

WRITTEN ONE WEEK BEFORE GOING HOME.

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“I did not hear much of what you and mamma and papa were talking about the last night you were here, but I heard enough to make me think you were not a Christian; but I think I heard you say also that you would read a portion of the Scripture and pray over it—did I not? You will not pray alone, for I am very anxious that my BROTHERS should know and love Christ. *Now is* the accepted time, do not put it off; for you may put it off till it will be *too late*. You need Christ, and Christ needs you to work for Him. O, don't put it off one day: to-morrow may be too late. You really belong to Christ, for he has died to save us all. He has purchased us with a price.

Hoping to hear good news from you both soon,

Your true friend,

LINNET STODDARD.

P. S. I have an idea; can we not meet a few minutes for prayer, even though so far distant? I shall meet you at half-past five until I hear from you of a more convenient time.

LINNET.”







*Lizette Stoddard.*





# LEAFLETS

FOR THE USE OF THE

YOUNG GIRLS' MISSION BAND,

BY LINNET'S MOTHER,

PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.

---

## RESOLUTIONS.

I PROMISE TO

R ead prayerfully my Bible, day by day;  
E nrich the heart by storing part away.  
S eek wisdom when I rise, and ere I sleep;  
O 'er every thought, and word, a watch-care keep.  
L ive for a true and noble aim, each hour;  
U se for my Saviour every gift and power.  
T ry to do something that shall ever last,  
I mprove each moment as it flieth past;  
O n every shadowed path some brightness cast.  
N ow walk with Christ, and share His work of love,  
S o follow those who dwell with Him above.

■

While our Linnet is singing His praises above,  
 Our voices may join in the anthem of heaven  
 If our hearts are attuned to th' dear Saviour's love,  
 If His spirit, in answer to prayer, has been given.

As *you* sing in the meetings, remember, dear Band,  
 You are learning the notes of the hymn that *they* sing,  
 As with crowns, and with harps, the blessed ones stand  
 By the throne of their Saviour, their God and their King.



“ALL MUST DIE SOMETIME.”—LINNET.

Some in the early morning,  
 Some at the noontide hour,  
 The blossom just unfolding  
 The fragrant opened flower,

Some when the cluster ripens  
 And the golden fruit hangs low,  
 As the gray of twilight deepens,  
 When fades the sunset glow.

Some in the dawning glory,  
 Some in the evening shade;  
 Of each the one short story,  
 “As a leaf we all must fade.”

The blessed Lord is sending  
 For *bud* or *fruit* or *flower*,  
 As the home above is *needing*  
 With every passing hour.

The choice, the rarest flowers  
To Heaven do not deny;  
Transplanted they are ours,  
Where they can never die.

The gathered fruit will ever  
Be free from blight or frost;  
And beautiful forever  
Our treasure *saved*, not *lost*.

"All must die sometime;" our time  
May be so very near,  
That when the vesper hour shall chime  
Our souls may not be here.

Be ready when He cometh,  
At morn, at noon, or night;  
Whatever plan He chooseth  
Our study and delight.

A cheerful service given  
At all times to His will,  
In the place of earth or heaven,  
That God may bid us fill.

If we must die, our living  
Should true and earnest be,  
That we may live, in dying  
Live, live eternally.



“I WANT ALL ‘THE BAND’ TO COME TO  
CHRIST THIS YEAR!—LINNET.

---

“I go to prepare you a place,” said the Saviour,  
And when work is finished for each I will come;  
Our Linnet is with the dear Lord and Redeemer,  
He came for her early, and she has gone home.

A message was sent from the banks of the river,  
“I want all the BAND to love Jesus this year;”  
The lambs of the fold, on *this side*, or *the other*,  
Are safe—always safe, for the Shepherd is near.

Dear BAND, that He gave me to love and to cherish,  
I leave you in care that is tender and true;  
And those on the mountains, who wander and perish,  
Again I would call—I would call them through you.

As you listen each day to our dear Shepherd’s voice,  
When He calls you by name, for His errands of love;  
As you follow his footsteps your hearts will rejoice,  
O’er the lost that are found, as do angels above.

Dear BAND come to CHRIST, love and serve Him together,  
Until one by one you shall part on the shore;  
Across the dark stream, in the bright blest forever,  
We meet, yes we meet, meet to part nevermore.

“YOU NEED CHRIST! AND CHRIST NEEDS  
YOU TO WORK FOR HIM.”—LINNET.

---

You need Christ, the great Creator,  
For in Him you live and move;  
Christ needs you to serve Him ever  
In His plan and work of love.

You need Christ to be *your* Saviour;  
With your sin and sorrow come.  
Christ needs you; the world's Redeemer  
Shares with you His cross and crown.

You need Christ—the light in darkness  
As the bright and morning star—  
Christ needs you, made in His likeness,  
To reflect *His* light afar.

You need Christ, arisen in glory,  
As the soul's eternal Sun;  
Christ needs you to tell the story,  
Till it gladdens every one.

You need Christ, the path to open  
Through the tangled winding way;  
Christ needs you, in paths thus broken,  
To bring home His own who stray.

You need Christ—the friend, the brother  
Who can *all* our burdens bear—  
Christ needs you to help some other  
Every day, and everywhere.



You need Christ, a guest, whose coming  
Multiplies all good beside;  
Heart and home have truest blessing  
If the Saviour there abide.

You need Christ when earthly pleasure,  
Honor, friends, and wealth are thine;  
He bestows the richest treasure—  
Hope, and peace, and joy divine.

Christ needs you, to *use* each blessing  
With a thankful heart, and *share*;  
Thus your love for Him confessing,  
As you lighten grief and care.

You need Christ when faint and weary;  
You seek rest, and seek in vain;  
When the lone still hours are dreary,  
Crowded full of care and pain.

Christ's loved sick and poor are needing  
Tender, patient ministry;  
He has said--while these relieving—  
"Ye have done it unto Me."

You need Christ when any sorrow  
Fills the soul with midnight gloom;  
He anticipates the morrow  
With the loved beyond the tomb.

Christ needs you to comfort anguish  
With the consolations given,  
Bringing to the hearts that languish  
The unfailing balm of Heaven.

You need Christ as interceding  
At the Heavenly Father's throne;  
When you bring a heartfelt pleading  
You will never pray alone.

Christ needs you to plead with others,  
Saying in love's earnest tone,  
Come, with every want, my brothers,  
*And you will not pray alone.*

You need Christ for wisdom, guidance,  
Comfort, strength and sympathy,  
Christ bids you—with this reliance—  
Give, as it is given to thee.

You need Christ in each condition,  
Every day the need is new;  
Let it be your great ambition  
That the Lord hath need of you.

One ray more the night to brighten,  
One more voice in calls of love,  
One hand more for rescue given,  
Is your mission from above.

And when earthly work is over,  
One more chosen, precious gem,  
One more star to shine forever  
In the Saviour's diadem.

This last message thus was written  
By the hand of friendship true;  
In the work of earth and Heaven  
You need Christ, and Christ needs you.

*In the work of earth and Heaven  
 You need Christ and Christ needs you ;  
 How these words, when ties are riven,  
 Bind the heart with hope anew !*

Blessed bond that thus unites us  
 To the loved ones gone before !  
*One in work and love for Jesus,  
 One in service evermore.*



“NOW IS THE ACCEPTED TIME.”

2 CORINTHIANS VI : 2.

“DON'T PUT IT OFF ONE DAY ; TO-MORROW MAY BE  
 TOO LATE.”—LINNET.

Behold, the time accepted  
 Is *now* ; do not delay ;  
 The Saviour's hand extended  
 Will save this very day.  
 Come *now*, while He is calling,  
 Oh ! wherefore do you wait ?  
*Don't put it off—unheeding,  
 And put it off too late !*

As when He died to save us,  
 He purchased for His own,  
 You *now* belong to Jesus,  
 To Him, and Him alone.  
 He paid the price, redeeming  
 With His own precious blood ;  
 Come *now*, His word believing,  
 Live *now* for Christ, your Lord.

Don't put off 'till the morrow,  
Its sun may never rise,  
Or it may bring you sorrow  
For sleeping, while the wise  
Upon the Bridegroom waiting  
Are welcomed at His board,  
To those *too late* in coming  
"The door was shut" and barred!

*"God does forgive ; I know it ;*  
*God does forgive to-day ;"*  
The parting words of LINNET,  
Encourage us to pray.  
For, conscious of His favor,  
The shadowed vale was bright ;  
And footsteps did not falter  
Till lost in Heaven's own light.

The same Almighty Saviour  
Is ready to forgive.  
By earthly care, or labor,  
No soul can truly live.  
You need His love ! come asking  
While health and strength are yours,  
In time secure the blessing  
That evermore endures.

If LINNET'S hand had waited  
Another day, to send  
The plea the heart dictated,  
In message to her friend,  
The thought would be unwritten ;  
The earnest word untold ;  
For sickness came, unbidden,  
That loving hand to fold.

Don't put it off! I pray you.

Is your soul safe this day?

Don't put it off! it may be

"Too late" if you delay,

Eternity will open

When life shall finish here;

Oh! *where* will you awaken,

*How* before God appear!

The comfort of the journey,

A pathway bright and smooth,

Is not the object only

For which you live and move.

Some noble, high commission,

The end you have in view;

And faithful to your mission,

The welcome waiting you.

The pleasures of the voyage,

The friends with whom you sail,

May charm the ocean passage,

But everything will fail,

If drifting past the harbor

To stormy seas you come,

In distant port to anchor

So far away from home.

To-day some task is waiting,

Some conflict must be won,

Don't put it off, expecting

A more convenient one.

No step can be retaken,

No passing hour reclaimed,

Be faithful, as they hasten,

Your home must be regained.



Each hour of life is weaving  
    Its opportunity,  
And we must *use*, or leaving  
    We *lose* eternally.  
The Autumn cannot gather  
    Unless the Spring has wrought,  
And Winter time must suffer  
    If Summer nothing brought.

Too late with noontide burdens  
    To do the work of morn,  
Too late in evening shadows  
    Life's duties to perform.  
Too late to do to-morrow,  
    The errand of to-day,  
Too late to help with sorrow  
    The losses of your stay.

Too late when sick, and weary,  
    To think, or act, or pray,  
Too late when told life's story  
    To change a single day.  
The record of our living,  
    The good that we may do,  
Is sealed, when faint, and dying,  
    The world recedes from view.

Now is the time entrusted,  
    We are not sure of more,  
And life is short when ended,  
    If it should reach fourscore.  
Don't put off one day even  
    The work you plan to do  
For earth, for God, for Heaven,  
    At most the days are few.

Behold the time accepted  
 Is *now*, do not delay,  
 The Saviour's hand extended  
 Will save this very day.  
 Come now, while He is calling,  
 Oh! wherefore do you wait?  
*Don't put it off—unheeding,*  
*And put it off too late!*



## AT HOME.

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FATHER I WILL THAT THEY ALSO WHOM THOU HAST GIVEN ME  
 BE WITH ME WHERE I AM, THAT THEY MAY BEHOLD MY GLORY.—

*John xvii: 24.*

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O! could we draw the vail,  
 And look beyond the screen,  
 What would the sight reveal!  
 What picture would be seen!  
 Our pilgrims at the journey's end—  
 At Supper with their Lord and Friend.

The pilgrimage is o'er,  
 Its garments laid aside;  
 "At Home" forevermore—  
 Our loved ones, and their Guide;  
 And can we ask them back to take  
 An earthly burden—for our sake?

The eye of faith may look  
Across the narrow stream ;  
The vision of The Book  
Is not an idle dream.  
Ten thousand times ten thousands share  
The Father's love, the Saviour's care.

From every race and clime,  
From every isle and shore,  
Of every name and time,  
Those who have gone before,  
Unite to praise the Guiding Hand,  
That brought them to that happy land.

No tear in any eye,  
No cloud on any brow,  
No trembling lip, no sigh,  
No weary step, for now  
They dwell where all is pure and bright ;  
No shadowed days, and no more night.

Arrayed in robe of white,  
Each with a conqueror's palm,  
They join with new delight  
In the celestial psalm.  
Among the angels round the throne  
*Do we not recognize our own ?*

In golden vials there  
Are odors pure and sweet ;  
The incense of a prayer  
From some obscure retreat ;  
And heaven is perfumed with the breath  
Of mortals, sent on wings of faith.

As at the dawn of day,  
Or when the shadows fall,  
You bow the knee to say,  
Dear Lord I bring thee all.  
You open golden vials there,  
*O ! keep them full by constant prayer.*

These golden vials filled  
With fragrance rich and rare ;  
From buds of faith distilled  
By your heart's earnest prayer—  
Are offered by an angel hand,  
That once perhaps was of your band.

“ At Home.” What does it mean  
To be at home in Heaven ?  
The eye hath never seen  
The glory that is given.  
“ At Home ” with Christ ; what joy to spend  
The life that nevermore can end !

The last her pen will trace,  
For mortal eye to see,  
“ At Home ”—it means the place  
Where God's own family  
Are welcomed—as their work is done,  
As they are gathered, one by one.

At the dear Saviour's feet,  
Within the heavenly school,  
How easy to repeat  
Each loving golden rule ;  
To take the lesson from His hand,  
And from His lips, in that blest land.

And when the lesson said,  
    Beneath the spreading tree,  
With angels to be fed,  
    Enjoy their ministry,  
Then go on errands full of love,  
With gifts for earth, from heaven above.

Transformed, by contact dear,  
    Into the Image best,  
O! how will they appear,  
    Our sainted ones—so blest?  
Can discipline of earth prepare  
To meet those who are students there?

By disappointments oft,  
    By trial, grief and woe,  
By sorrow we are taught,  
    While in the school below.  
By agony of thought, and heart,  
We learn to choose the better part.

The Master's will shall guide,  
    He knows the way to take,  
He never leaves our side,  
    He can make no mistake.  
We walk by faith, and not by sight,  
Each step is more into the light.

“Please God to let me go.”  
    Saw she the open door?  
Or was one sent below,  
    From those long gone before,  
To take her to the heavenly home,  
Where she is waiting till we come?



“Papa, God does forgive.”

The words of that last day  
A blest assurance give,  
That as she went away  
It was to meet the God of grace,  
Complete in Jesus’ righteousness.

*Our Linnet is “At Home.”*

In pilgrim tents we stay;  
But nearer rest we come  
With every passing day.  
*A little while for toil is given,  
And then we meet “At Home” in heaven.*



## THE PEARLS OF HEAVEN.

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“And the twelve gates were twelve pearls. Every several gate was of one pearl.”—REV. xxi : 21.

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The pearls of Heaven—“the gates ajar”—  
Were opened wide one morn,  
As our beloved, beyond the star,  
On angel wings was borne.

### REFRAIN.

Dear Lord, if I believe on Thee,  
Those pearls will open wide for me,  
For me, for me,  
When I am called to Thee.

In robe of white, with crown of gold,  
To harp of sweetest tone,  
She sings the song, "Worthy the Lamb,"  
With angels round the throne.

*Refrain*—Dear Lord, &c.

I have no robe of snowy fold,  
And *may* I enter in ?  
The precious blood, with love untold,  
Will cleanse my heart from sin.

*Refrain*—Dear Lord, &c.

I have no harp, no palm, no crown,  
But if I love the Lord,  
I know He will prepare His own  
To meet his Father—God.

*Refrain*—Dear Lord, &c.

I would do something every day  
To please my Saviour well,  
And then when I am called away  
Go home, with Him, to dwell.

*Refrain*—Dear Lord, &c.



FOR THE SERVICE AT THE LAYING OF THE CORNER STONE OF  
THE MEMORIAL CHAPEL, SUCCASUNNA, N. J., MAY 19, 1887.

"WORK, REAL WORK FOR CHRIST."—LINNET.

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Work, real work for Jesus,  
Some real work each day;  
The silent Voice entreats us,  
Be faithful while you may.

Don't put off one day even  
The work you plan to do,  
For earth, for God, for heaven,  
The working days are few.

You need a loving Saviour,  
Christ needs a willing hand,  
An earnest heart, to labor  
'Till, one by one, the Band  
Shall gather at the river,  
And pass the pearly gate,  
To be "at home" forever,  
Where our beloved wait.

We consecrate the building,  
Whose corner-stone we lay  
To Christ, on whom are resting  
Those here and those away.  
Built on the Rock of ages,  
On either side the stream,  
The Church one anthem raises,  
Redeeming love the theme.

With Christ and Christians meeting,  
We here would learn anew  
To use the moments fleeting  
In work that each may do;  
In faithful, loving service,  
To finish as we can  
The real work for Jesus  
That was in Linnet's plan.

Some real work in sowing  
The seeds of truth and love;  
Some real work in reaping  
To garner sheaves above.

We toil until the evening,  
Each with the setting sun;  
The worker's crown receiving  
When Christ shall say "Well done."

A welcome home was given  
To one—a year ago;  
A year of life in heaven,  
A year of life below;  
One nearer to the meeting,  
When in that happy land,  
With those who need our guiding,  
We join the ransomed Band.



## LINNET'S EIGHTEENTH BIRTHDAY.

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Each birthday we were wont to bring love's token;  
In Heaven, by angel hands the gifts are woven.  
God called—the robe of white, the palm bestowing;  
His home alone could give you every blessing;  
There crowned with light and immortality,  
Enriched with treasure for eternity,  
Earth's love you cherish, thus earth's work is given  
New help; inspiring thought to live for Heaven.











Eliza Platt Stoddard Memorial Chapel,

SUCCASUNNA, N. J.

Corner-Stone laid May 19th, 1887 ; Dedicated May 19th, 1888.



## MEMORIAL CHAPEL.

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### BRIEF DESCRIPTION.

It is in the form of a cross. The front has two stories and a tower. Entering the central hall you pass to the bible class room and library on the left, to the infant class on the right, or between them to the auditorium. Above the bible class and infant class rooms and the hall are the ladies' parlors, a suite of three rooms. All the rooms open into the auditorium, the glass doors folding on either side. The main room is of one story, the roof being supported by trestle work. The floors and ceiling are of Georgia pine, trimmed with California red wood. The auditorium has seats for one hundred and ten, the bible class room forty, the infant class fifty.

The pulpit is an arched recess; on either side are memorial windows. One representing Mary at the feet of Christ; underneath are the words, "One thing is needful," and "You need Christ, and Christ needs you to work for Him,"—Linnet. The companion window represents the Angel of the Resurrection; on a scroll are the words, "The trumpet

shall sound and the dead shall be raised," and beneath, "We must all die sometime,"—Linnet. The other windows are of stained glass in tints to harmonize.

In the central ladies' parlor, over the front entrance, are two other memorial windows; one representing Christ, the Good Shepherd, with the words "Feed my Lambs." The other is the figure of Charity, idealizing Linnet's face; the cloak of the maiden enfolds two children, and one sits at her feet. Beneath are the words "I want to do real work for Christ." Above the shepherd is a little linnet bird, and in the sky, above the maiden, is a flock of birds. The memorial windows were painted by the artist Booth in London, and are fine works of art.

The third ladies' room has a large closet, and an elevator which communicates with the dining room and kitchen in the basement.

The study is in the third story in the base of the tower.

#### DEDICATION SERVICES.

On May 19th, 1888, at 10 30 A. M., the Memorial Chapel, of Succasunna, was dedicated to the uses for which it was built.

The services opened with "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," followed by the Lord's Prayer, the congregation uniting. REV. MR. HILL, pastor of the Drakesville Baptist Church, read the Scripture lesson, Psalm 1; 2 Chronicles, chapter 6. REV. JAMES

BREWSTER, of Chester, gave out the hymn, "You need Christ, and Christ needs You:"

You need Christ, and Christ needs you,  
As life's journey you pursue,  
Guided by the Morning Star,  
Send its cheering beams afar,  
And reflect the noontide ray  
On each dark and shadowed way.

You need Christ, and Christ needs you,  
As you find each promise true,  
For the faint and weary care,  
With the sad and lonely share,  
Freely give, as it is given,  
The unfailing balm of Heaven.

You need Christ, and Christ needs you,  
There is work for each to do,  
Go with Him to seek His own,  
Call and lead the wanderer home,  
And thus add another gem  
To the Saviour's diadem.

You need Christ, and Christ needs you,  
Many years may come, or few;  
One with Christ in either land,  
One in service with the band  
Singing with a meaning new  
You need Christ, and Christ needs you.

REV. DR. B. C. MEGIE, of Dover, then offered prayer, in which he asked the Divine blessing on the work of this day and all those engaged in it, also referring in a most beautiful way to the object



and cause which had brought forth such a vast throng. Then followed the

#### MEMORIAL SERMON

by REV. C. A. STODDARD, editor of the New York Observer, the theme being "*The Youthful Spirit of Christianity*:"

Who is there of all the inhabitants of earth that has not felt a desire to be remembered? To realize this wish monuments have been raised, and colleges founded, and hospitals endowed, and brave exploits performed; to this object the miser has devoted his penurious gains, the student his stores of learning, the painter his greatest skill. Eulogies and panegyrics have been pronounced by living orators, and inscriptions have been engraved upon enduring brass and marble; poems have been written, statues sculptured, and bodies embalmed, that the names of men and some record of their lives might be perpetuated.

Men have left legacies to be expended in celebrating by mournful obsequies the anniversary of their death, and annual feasts have been originated for the purpose of remembering the departed, and our blessed Lord gives us one of the strongest and most enduring proofs of His humanity in ordaining a memorial by which he would be remembered to the end of time.

In the institution of the last supper He expressed a wish to which every human heart responds, saying, "Do this in remembrance of me;" He established a sacred festival, by which the memory of His atoning



death shall be perpetuated unto the end of the world. Thus shall that death, so ignominious in its circumstances, and so glorious in its results, be remembered in the repeated celebration of this prelude to the gloomy scene by the whole world of believers, whom the declaration of His love and the preaching of His cross is to subdue to His control, and make sweetly submissive to His blessed commands.

In accordance with such human sentiments, and in imitation of such a Divine example, we have gathered this day, dear friends, to dedicate a memorial chapel to the service of almighty God, and the pious uses of this congregation. The offering is made in memory of a young maiden who brought brightness and blessing to an earthly home for seventeen years, whose life was sweet and beneficent to others, and who had given herself heartily and entirely to Christ and to His service. It is fitting that she should be commemorated by a building where work for the Master shall go on in years to come, in the same spirit in which she offered her humble and faithful labors. *Thus, while her pure spirit ministers before the throne in the ineffable glory, will a ministry of love and saving grace be performed in her name here below.*

ELIZA PLATT STODDARD was a rare example of the true Christian youth whom Jesus loves. She gave her young heart with its fresh and ardent love to the Saviour, and began her service to Him at once in the endeavor to bring others to Christ. Almost her last conscious act was to keep a promise to pray alone, at a certain hour, for two young friends whom

she had urged to follow Christ, and whom she had engaged to meet daily at the throne of grace. She has passed into the presence of her Lord, and I cannot better honor her memory to-day than by making the incident recorded in the gospel of Matthew, at the eighteenth chapter and the second and third verses, the theme of my remarks: "And Jesus called a little child unto Him, and set him in the midst of them, and said, verily I say unto you, Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven."

The disciples had asked our Lord, "Who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven?" and Christ had answered their question in the most impressive way, and set forth the characteristic of His kingdom, its *childlike, youthful spirit*. In Peter's speech, after the healing of the lame man at the beautiful gate of the temple, he calls our Lord "God's holy child Jesus," and thus presents the founder of the Christian religion to us with the characteristic of youthfulness. It was as a boy of twelve years of age that He came to Jerusalem from Nazareth's quiet valley to walk among the living monuments of his country's pride and glory, in the heart and centre of all that was revered and holy in Jewish nationality and religion; and there the high calling, the sublime hopes and the lofty endowments of Israel stirred and filled his mind, quickened his pure soul into a living consciousness of His relations to the Father, and inspired Him to undertake with boldness and success His Father's business; and it was as a young man, His eye full and clear, His face fair and His form

distinguished by youthful strength and beauty, that He went forth in meek and zealous obedience to His brief but pregnant career as Redeemer of the world.

His enthusiasm and devotion, His quickness of perception and exuberant imagination, were characteristic of youth; His unremitting labors and privations were such as youth only could endure, for, with all the mysteries of His divine person, He still had a complete human nature, and this nature was consecrated to the work of redemption in the most vigorous and active period of its development. In the founder of the Christian religion, then, we discover this youthfulness which characterizes it *in its development, its principles, and its effects.*

We mark these evidences of vigor and freshness belonging to youth in *the progress* and in the *present condition* of Christ's kingdom. The century of His birth had not elapsed before the religion of Jesus Christ, in spite of opposition from the rulers of the world, the virulent persecution of its adherents and the comparative feebleness of its friends had made itself felt throughout the known world. Wherever the standard of Rome was planted there rose beside it, though not beneath its protection, the symbol of the Cross, and three centuries had not passed before Christianity was the real power which swayed the sceptre of the imperial throne. This same dauntless and enterprising spirit of youth has ever distinguished Christianity. The history of human progress is but a record of the triumphs of the Christian religion in its energetic assaults upon the systems of human ignorance and sin. It still

maintains its youthful character. Is a reform to be inaugurated in morals or manners, What engine is there so potent to employ in its accomplishment as the religion of Jesus? Is there misery to be relieved and vice to be restrained and removed, From whence are the agents and instruments of such a work drawn but from the Church of Christ? Are nations debased and grovelling in ignorance and depravity to be elevated and enlightened, Whence comes the impulse for such an undertaking, where are the means gathered, to whom is the self-sacrificing and laborious work entrusted but to the subjects of Christ's kingdom? In that kingdom there is the vital energy of divine youth, there alone is the spirit of self-denial, there are the souls that have been stimulated into a living consciousness of a Master in heaven, and a business of faith and devotion to His service on earth. No, my friends, it is not commerce with its white-winged messengers flying over every sea; it is not regal power displayed in armaments and warlike array; it is not astute diplomacy and the craft of statesmen that lift degraded and savage peoples into the ranks of civilization, and intelligence and virtue. It is the energizing, quickening influence of a living Christianity. It is the arm of Christ's kingdom whose vigorous sweep levels the barriers of superstition and prejudice. It is the wisdom of the serpent combined with the harmlessness of the dove that baffles the plans of selfishness and avarice. It is the vigor, the enterprise, the unflagging zeal and the heartiness of a youthful Christianity which is ere long to cast at Jesus' feet the crowns of all the earth.



But again, *the youthful spirit* of Christianity is seen *in its fundamental principles*. The first requisite to admission into the kingdom of heaven is faith, and the faith which is required is not a blind assent to certain doctrines, nor the acceptance of the result of reasoning. Its best and most intelligible definition is, an affectionate confidence in a personal being. Such a faith is pre-eminently a characteristic of youth. Those who displayed this affectionate confidence in Jesus Christ, and his mission, were young. It was not the old man Zebedee who left his boats to follow Christ, but his sons; it was Nathaniel, an Israelite, in whom was no guile, who had the innocent and confiding heart of a child, whose soul responded with earnest affection to the claim which Christ made upon his love and service. It was in that home at Bethany, where three young persons formed the family, that the Saviour found the sanctuary of trusting and loving hearts. Who is it that he represents in the inimitable parable, as saying "I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son, make me as one of thy hired servants," but a young man, in whom a rapid course of vice and misery had failed to blight the affectionate confidence of a son in a good father's love. No, it is not the belief of the intellect which qualifies for entrance into Christ's kingdom but the affectionate confidence of the heart.

Another youthful quality, which is also a fundamental principle of Christ's kingdom, *is humility*. This is not always a characteristic of youth; and in

these days of precocious and unnatural mental and moral growth, it seems unhappily to depart at a lamentably early period. This is largely due to a mistaken system of education. It is therefore an unhealthy and unnatural development when youth is proud and self-conceited rather than diffident and humble. The true child is dependent, and devoid of pretension, and modest. Its simplicity, grace and innocence associate themselves by a sort of intuition with the excellencies of angels and a better world. It is this spirit of modesty and humility which breathes through the epistles of the beloved disciple, a guilelessness and sincerity which only they can have who are meek and lowly of heart, a distrust of self which leads to humble dependence upon God, a spirit beautifully illustrated by the Syro-Phœnician woman, who answered the severe words of Christ, "It is not meet to take the children's bread and cast it to the dogs," with the humble and touching argument, "truth Lord, yet the dogs under the table eat of the children's crumbs," or by that humble and trustful reply of the centurion, who said, "Lord, I am not worthy that Thou shouldest come under my roof, but speak the word only and my servant shall be healed." It was to inculcate such a spirit that Jesus in the scene of the text, when the disciples reasoned who should be the greatest, took a child, and set him by him, and said, "Whosoever shall receive this child in my name receiveth me; and whosoever receiveth me, receiveth him that sent me, for he that is least among you all, the same shall be great;" (Luke 9: 47, 48.) Tradition declares that



this child was Ignatius, afterwards Bishop of Antioch, who was cast to the wild beasts on account of his testimony of Christ, and who thus writes in view of approaching martyrdom, "Now I begin to be a disciple. Nothing, whether of things visible or invisible, excites my ambition so long as I can gain Christ. Whether fire, or the cross, or the assaults of wild beasts, the tearing asunder of my bones, the breaking of my limbs, the bruising of my whole body, let the tortures of the devil all assail me, if I do but gain Christ Jesus!" Euzebius 3: 36. Such is the spirit of humble dependence and self-renunciation which characterizes Christ's kingdom.

But again, This kingdom exhibits its youthful character *by requiring a docile and teachable spirit in all of its subjects*. Many persons cease to learn after middle life. They become obstinate and opinionated, unwilling to be instructed by others, and incompetent to teach themselves. But youth is open to receive teaching. From the moment when light dawns upon the infant he is the apt scholar of myriad voices and influences which delight as they draw forth and enlarge his powers. Everything which meets the eye, the ear, or the touch, is educating him to a larger apprehension, which God ever meets with fresh supplies. And not only is this docility of youth shown in its readiness to observe phenomena, but also in its willingness to accept instruction respecting them. The soul is yet unversed in the mysteries of knowledge, unpuzzled by the problems which the intellect of mature years states but fails to solve, unbiassed by prejudice or pride of opinion. It natu-

rally receives without question all knowledge or belief which is offered to the mind. Who does not envy that childlike spirit which sees a present God in the lightning's blaze and hears His voice in the crash and roll of the thunder? which accepts without interpretation the language of the Bible respecting the universe, which believes as solemn truths the statement that God "clothes the lillies of the field" and "numbers the hairs of the head," that "the heavens declare His glory and the firmament sheweth His handiwork."

Oh, how near are such docile souls to the great Father of all! How gently, and yet how grandly does He lead His creatures toward the sublime knowledge of Himself that they may adore and love Him! And it is not until human science interposes its doubtful teaching that the puzzled learner begins to hesitate and draw away from Divine instruction; to set up his own opinions and theories, and to exchange the childish wisdom of a perfect faith for the unsatisfying inventions of schoolmen and philosophers.

The subject of Christ's kingdom must return to this spirit of childhood, must hear Christ's words, "take my yoke upon you and learn of me," and begin once more to receive with the tractable spirit of youth the instructions of the Great teacher. The learned man of the Jews must be "born again" before he can see the kingdom of God, he must come back to this spirit of childhood and be content to receive with humble acquiescence those things which he cannot comprehend. The young man whom Jesus loves must re-

nounce his self-acquired worldly wisdom, and learn of Jesus that riches are not the chief good, before even the love of Christ can give him entrance into His kingdom. Paul must count all things, whether of Jewish rabbinical lore or heathen philosophy, as loss that he may know Christ and the power of His resurrection ; and none, except they be converted and become as little children shall enter into the kingdom of heaven.

Once more, The spirit of youth is *enthusiastic and gleeful* ; and this spirit is truly characteristic of the kingdom of Christ. Youth is not ashamed to give full expression to its feelings. It makes no effort to restrain its wonder, blushes not to declare its love, weeps with ready sympathy, never hesitates to praise or condemn and enters upon duty with all its might. The youthful spirit has no sympathy with that disposition which is never surprised, which accepts everything without emotion, which is slow to commend, and afraid to appear interested lest it offend the formalities of society. Youth hath no such craven dread of nature and of natural festivity. Its laugh rings with a heartiness which rebukes the stern ascetic, its whole-souled grasp of the hand and fervent embrace break down the defences of formality and pride, its fertile imagination throws the sanguine hue of success over every undertaking, its liberal expenditure of effort appears reckless waste to the prudence of maturity or old age. Now, such enthusiasm and joyousness are distinguishing traits of Christianity. Its founder wrought His first great miracle at a marriage festival that He might minister to the joy

and exhilaration of the guests, and crown the feast with His added gift and blessings.

We do not serve our Master best, dear friends, by shutting out true and hearty pleasure from our lives. We rather offend Him by these Pharisaic prohibitions, for they are contrary to the principles of His kingdom. Our danger and our fear come from the exclusion of our Lord from festive scenes. How safe and how doubly happy should we be, in all joyous occasions and festive meetings, if He who graced the wedding at Cana were consciously present as a guest and friend! If, with the spirit of sanctified youth, we welcomed every new experience of joy as the blessing of a benignant Saviour, and allowed every new-born pleasure to open in our hearts the springs of pious gratitude and unhindered praise, we should honor Him who by His example and precept bids us "rejoice with them that do rejoice." It was this spirit of joyful enthusiasm which gave utterance to the intense and extravagant expressions of the apostle, "the depth of the riches both of wisdom and knowledge of God!" (Rom. 10 ; 33,) "The love of Christ, that passeth knowledge," which vainly strives to describe Christ's character, which overcame even the cautious and reticent Thomas, till he burst from the bonds of long habit and the chains of doubt, and becoming once more a child, cried out to Jesus, "my Lord and my God!" It was such a spirit which filled the heart of John when he exclaimed in words, whose repetition enraptures every pious soul, "Beloved, now are we the sons of God and it doth not



yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when He shall appear we shall be like Him !”

It is said that the artist Correggio, when young, saw a painting by Raphael. Long and ardently did the youth gaze on that picture. His soul drank in its beauty, as flowers drink moisture from the mist. He waked to the consciousness of artistic power. Burning with the joyful enthusiasm of enkindled genius, the blood rushing to his brow, and the fire flashing from his eyes, he cried out “I also am a painter.” This enthusiasm carried him through his initial studies, it blended the colors on his palette, it guided his pencil, it shone on his canvas, until Titian, on seeing his productions, exclaimed, “Were I not Titian, I should wish to be Correggio !” With such a spirit of youthful enthusiasm does the soul upon whom the glory of Christ has shined dwell upon the character of the Redeemer; enraptured by his perfections, enkindled by his love, till changed into his image, from glory to glory, as by the Spirit of the Lord, he cries out, “I also am a Christian, and for me to live is Christ !”

In the sweet and sacred memory of such a Christian spirit has this chapel been reared and consecrated. The young maiden whose name it bears was a child of pious parents; but more than this she was a child of God. She manifested an affectionate confidence in her Heavenly Father; she accepted with meek humility the life which he appointed, and made no murmur when he bade her leave her earthly home, and loving kindred, for the life beyond. She was a docile pupil in the school of Christ, and endeavored to obey in

word and life the Saviour's words, "Take my yoke upon you, and learn of Me;" and many of you know full well how enthusiastic and joyful was the service that she gave to every good work, and how happy it made her to serve Jesus.

The life which is commemorated here was indeed a life of happy, useful, sanctified childhood and youth. No dark clouds lie over the horizon of the past, no bitter memories throw their shadows over this hallowed scene. All is bright with the smile of God and radiant with the joy of that heaven into which the redeemed of the Lord enter. And I cannot pay a better tribute to the memory of this sweet maiden whom Jesus has taken, nor do a fairer service to those loved ones who have reared this memorial, than to especially commend to those of you who are here in the dawn and brightness of your lives this youthful spirit of Christ's kingdom.

The religion of Jesus is not given to us as a last resource after earth has failed to satisfy. It is not provided simply as a medicine for decay and decrepitude, nor as an anodyne to lull disturbed and anxious consciences to rest. Christ does not make his appeals to those who seek only the loaves and fishes, after they have wasted and trifled away his precious gifts. True, such may come, and welcome, to receive the bounty which they long have slighted. But He encourages the little children to come to Him; He invites the young men who are ready to bend unbroken energies to His noble service; who are eager to know what is truth; who are modest and diffident as to the range and scope of their abilities. He calls



the young women, who would devote their beauty and loveliness to adorn and glorify His temple courts and win by loving arts and holy tenderness adherents to His cause. He asks the young to consecrate the enthusiasm of their natures, and the gladness which makes every object an occasion of delight, to the extension of a kingdom whose universal sway would unite every heart in holy joy, and speed every foot in missions of holy benevolence, and occupy every hand with divine ministrations.

Oh, come then to Jesus ye who have not yet lost the spirit and feelings of youth, and find in His love and service those characteristics which are peculiarly your own; those employments which are yours by right of especial fitness of temper and disposition and that increased happiness which arises from pure and unselfish love.

In the spirit of Christ's kingdom we can all be young. Young Christians *are* so; those in middle-age may 'be converted and become as little children;' and those upon whom the snows of many winters have fallen may 'renew their youth,' as they sit, meek and lowly, in the school of Christ, and learn of Him. As this chapel is consecrated to God in remembrance of a young Christian, your sister and friend, may the Divine Spirit breathe into some souls a new life! then shall a richer offering ascend to the Most High than even parental love can rear from earthly materials, and a holy influence shall begin here which will spread and grow throughout eternal ages; and thus will LINNET'S last written wish be fulfilled, "I want to do real work for Christ."

Following the Memorial Sermon, the hymn "When in the Ancient Days" was sung.

When in the Ancient Days  
The Temple arches rang  
With gratitude and praise,  
As *all* the people sang,  
A cloud filled all the house of God,  
It was the glory of the Lord.

A token of his grace  
We earnestly desire  
To consecrate this place,  
And every heart inspire;  
As we unite in song and prayer  
We ask thy glory, Lord, to share.

In tender memory  
Of one with Thee above,  
We dedicate to Thee  
This offering of love;  
Make it Thy dwelling 'till we come  
To dwell with Thee and those at home.

Enkindle here a light  
O'er hill and vale to shine,  
To penetrate the night  
Of some far distant clime;  
To every hearth, to every land  
May blessings go at thy command.

And when we meet in Heaven,  
To join its endless Psalm,  
May many souls be given  
The harp and crown and palm,  
Who learned to love and serve and sing  
Where we, to-day, are worshipping.

REV. H. M. STORRS, D. D., then spoke on the

USES OF A MEMORIAL.

He said :

The world is full of memorials. If you cross the ocean, as soon as you touch the shores of the old world, some statue, some building, some monument, some memorial of the past meets the eye. As you travel from country to country you read its history in its memorials. Memorials are found everywhere ; travel where you will you meet them. In the southern part of England I found them. London is full of them. Go to Rome and you are surrounded with them. Down in Egypt you find the wonderful pyramids. Napoleon said, when approaching them with his army, "Four thousand years are looking down upon you." Some of these monuments were erected by the individuals whose names they bear, others by loving friends. What are the uses of these monuments ? The answer is, To perpetuate a name—a life—and deeds of heroism. I have stood in the crypt of St. Peter's, at Rome, in the shadow of the pyramids, by the beautiful Taj, the mausoleum of the Indian princess, in the ruins of Thebes, by the obelisk, at Alexandria, the companion of that in our Central Park—all memorials of something. Then, in our own land, the great obelisk that has been raised to the memory of Washington, in its severe simplicity and grandeur, fit emblem of the man who towered above his fellow men. In every churchyard there are memorials.

What do they mean ? Our brother has said, They

answer an instinct of our human nature to be remembered. That may be, but they mean something more. These memorials are not alone for the dead, but for the living. The departed have passed to grander and more beautiful objects ; they cannot be benefitted by memorials, but the living can be incited and inspired to a truer—nobler life, as they look upon the monuments that gratitude and affection have raised to commemorate goodness and greatness.

The stone that records the self-denying life of the hero inspires patriotism ; the reminder of the earnest and devoted life enkindles holy desires and purposes and enthusiasm. The monuments reared by loving hearts and hands are educators. No one can stand by the monument of Bunyan, or Wesley, without his heart being stirred with holy love and zeal, without being inspired to a new consecration of thought and plan, and aim. Thus, memorials link the present to the past and bring strength for the duties of the hour from the ages that have gone ; the generations of to-day are inspired by the acts of all the generations of time. Of all memorials that men erect the most fitting and lasting are those that answer man's highest end to glorify God.

These material monuments decay and crumble into dust, the names of their builders, as well as those whose memory they were designed to perpetuate, have perished. Who built the pyramids no one can tell. So with this beautiful chapel, it will crumble and decay ; the name it designs to perpetuate, ELIZA PLATT STODDARD, will be forgotten ; the names of her parents will not long be remembered, here ; but

Christ lives on, and he that would be held in everlasting remembrance must enter into this Christ life. If you want your work to be lasting let it be for Christ. Contact with the Christ ensures immortality. The woman who touched the hem of his garment was thus brought before the generations of mankind. When Mary poured ointment on the feet of Christ He said, "Wheresoever this gospel shall be preached in the whole world there shall also this that this woman hath done be told for a memorial of her." Mary, in Christ's hand is held up to the gaze of the ages. The touch of Christ immortalizes. Association with Christ gives a life that never ends. Engrafted into the living side of the living Christ we live forever. This Memorial Chapel is not built to glorify LINNET, or her father and mother, but to glorify Linnet's Saviour and to carry out her desire to do real work for Christ.

DR. E. W. STODDARD followed DR. STORRS. He said: The most painful year will end; the most laborious year will come to its close.

One year ago we laid the corner-stone of this building, and we then asked you to pray that God's blessing might attend the laying of every stone and the fastening of every nail. So far has this prayer been answered that no accident has attended the work, and a satisfactory completion has been reached. The design has been to furnish a convenient and suitable place for the Sunday School; the Mission work for the young and the old; the prayer meeting, and for social and literary gatherings. We ask you now



to join in the earnest prayer of consecration to the service of God, and the good of the people, till its timbers shall crumble and its stones perish. May this house ever be the home-school of the church—a house of prayer and place of blessing to all who shall come under its roof.

In his prayer of consecration he said: \* \* Now, we pray Thee, Lord Jesus, accept this building for the purposes for which it was erected. Consecrate it. Bless all the uses which shall promote Thy glory, and Thy name will we praise forever. AMEN.

REV. A. ERDMAN, D. D., of the South Street Presbyterian Church of Morristown, followed in a brief address in his usual happy manner, in which he said: That as the hour was late he would make but few remarks. On behalf of the congregation of this place he took great pleasure to present to Dr. Stoddard and his wife the thanks of the people for this beautiful edifice. It would be a constant reminder of them, and a cause for gratification and joy and affection. It will be a constant reminder and appeal to all for the purposes for which it was erected. He was thankful that he was permitted to be here and publicly thank the beloved pastor and his wife for their kindness and generosity in erecting so fitting a memorial for their departed child, whose spirit he fondly believed looked down with love and joy on these glorious proceedings.

The singing of the following hymn, "Ye are the



Temple Shrine," in which all the congregation joined most heartily, was very inspiring :

Ye are the Temple shrine  
That all the years of time  
Cannot deface;  
A Temple of the Lord  
Where dwells the Holy Word,  
The Spirit of our God  
Filling with grace.

The Lamb on altar slain,  
The Lamb enthroned to reign,  
The sacrifice;  
The incense, is the prayer  
That faith and love prepare,  
And works of mercy share  
Heavenward to rise.

A wayside Temple here,  
The pilgrimage to cheer,  
And when we rest,  
A Temple on that shore,  
Where loved ones gone before  
Shall help us evermore  
In service blest.

After an invitation to the lunch provided by the ladies, in the dining room, the benediction was pronounced by REV. WM. McCAIN of the Succasunna M. E. Church.

On Sunday afternoon the Sunday school held a separate and interesting service of dedication.

The printed order of exercises closed with the following lines.

*Linnet's going suggested this Chapel.*  
*Linnet's words suggested these Hymns.*

E. A. S.



## NINETEEN.

N o more amid the changing scenes, where ring the bells of time,  
I s heard the melody so dear, our LINNET's birthday chime.  
N ow dwelling with the Christ, our Lord, in realms of life above,  
E ach year is measured by the growth in wisdom, and in love.  
T hou art our own dear LINNET still, thy thought to us is given,  
E ncouraging each faltering step, as we walk home to Heaven.  
E nshielding with an angel wing, the pilgrim's pathway o'er,  
N ot seen but near, until the BAND shall meet to part no more.

FOR THE BAND ON LINNET'S NINETEENTH BIRTHDAY.

E. A. S.













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